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THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE Esq;
VOL. III.

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VOL. III.

LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Strand, 1719.

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE Esq;

VOL. III.
Consisting of FABLES, TRANSLATIONS,
and IMITATIONS.



LONDON:
Printed for H. LINTOT, 1736.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of *Exercises*, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried by his early Bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasion'd the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by *J. Tonson* and *B. Lintot*, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors* which are added at the end, were done

done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen Years old; but having also got into Miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume.

THE

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THE ,
TEMPLE •
OF
F A M E.

Written in the Year 1711.

VOL. III.

B

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from *Chaucer's House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely alter'd, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with *Chaucer*, may begin with his third book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: Wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

THE
T E M P L E
O F
F A M E.

IN that soft season when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;

VER. I. *In that soft season, &c.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the *Provencial* Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, *Petrarch* and *Chaucer* frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf, &c.* of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium.

As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
 The whole creation open to my eyes:
 In air self-ballanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen, 15
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes:
 There trees, and intermingl'd temples rise;
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:

VER. II, &c.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book 2.

*Tho beheld I fields and plains,
 Now hills, and now mountains,
 Now valeis, and now forestes,
 And now unneth great bestes,
 Now rivers, now citees,
 Now towns, now great trees,
 Now shippes sayling in the see.*

Then

The TEMPLE of FAME.

5

Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
 The wond'rous rock like *Parian* marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone. 30
 Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;

Yet

VER. 27. *High on a rock of ice, &c.*] *Chaucer* third book of *Fame*.

*It stood upon so high a rock,
 Higher standeth none in Spayne—
 What manner stone this rock was,
 For it was like a lymed glass,
 But that it shone full more clere;
 But of what congeled matere
 It was, I nyste redily;
 But at the last espied I,
 And found that it was every dele,
 A rock of ise, and not of stele.*

VER. 31. *Inscriptions here, &c.*]

*Tho saw I all the hill y-grave
 With famous folkes names fele,
 That had been in much wele
 And her fames wide y-blow;
 But well unneth might I know,
 Any letters for to rede
 Ther names by, for out of drede*

B 3

They

Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd; 35
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;
 For Fame, impatient of extreams, decays
 Not more by Envy than excess of Praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel, 45
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :

The

*They weren almost off-thawen so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of every name,
 So unfamous was woxe her fame;
 But men said, what may ever last.*

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, &c.]
 Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
 That they were molte away for beate,
 And not away with stormes beate.*

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries, &c.]
 For on that other side I sey
 Of that hill which northward ley,
 How it was written full of names
 Of folke, that had afore great fames,*

Q

The TEMPLE of FAME.

7

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last; 50
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 55
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
'Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:
As *Atlas* fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud *Rome*, or artful *Greece* beheld,
Or elder *Babylon*, its frame excell'd.

*Of old time, and yet they were
As fresh, as men had written hem there
The self day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiste what it made;
It was conserved with the shade
(All the writing that I see)
Of the castle that stoode on high,
And stood eke in so cold a place,
That beate might it not deface.*

Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 65
 Of various structure, but of equal grace:
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the different quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
 The walls in venerable order grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in stone.
 Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, 75
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In thaggy spoils here *Theseus* was beheld,
 And *Perseus* dreadful with *Minerva's* shield: 80
 There great *Alcides* stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' *Hesperian* spoil.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, &c.*] The Temple is describ'd to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be receiv'd into it. The western front is of *Grecian* architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are after mention'd, were the first names of old *Greece* in arms and arts.

VER. 81. *There great Alcides, &c.*] This figure of *Hercules* is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of *Farnese*.

Here

The TEMPLE of FAME.

9

Here *Orpheus* sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:

Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85

Strikes, and behold a sudden *Thebes* aspire!

Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,

And half the mountain rolls into a wall:

There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,

The domes swell up, the widening arches bend, 90

The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,

And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,

With diamond flaming, and *Barbaric* gold.

There *Ninus* shone, who spread th' *Affyrian* fame, 95

And the great founder of the *Persian* name:

There in long robes the royal *Magi* stand,

Grave *Zoroaster* waves the circling wand,

The sage *Chaldeans* robe'd in white appear'd,

And *Brachmans*, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100

These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;

VER. 96. *And the great Founder of the Persian Name.*] *Cyrus* was the beginner of the *Persian*, as *Ninus* was of the *Affyrian* Monarchy. The *Magi* and *Chaldeans* (the chief of whom was *Zoroaster*) employ'd their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the antient *Asian* people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except *Confucius*, the great law-giver of the *Chinese*, who liv'd about two thousand years ago.

Made

Made visionary fabricks round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of *Talismans* and *Sigils* knew the pow'r, 105
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, *Confucius* stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the south, a long, majestic race
 Of *Ægypt's* Priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car *Sesostris* struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ; 115
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

VER. 110. *Ægypt's Priests, &c.*] The learning of the old *Ægyptian* Priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: They also preserv'd the History of their nation. Their greatest Hero upon record is *Sesostris*, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in *Diodorus*, &c. He is said to have caus'd the Kings he vanquish'd to draw him in his Chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which *Herodotus* gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

There

The TEMPLE of FAME.

11

Of *Gothic* structure was the northern side,
 O'er-wrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120
 There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And *Runic* characters were grav'd around.
 There sat *Zamolxis* with erected eyes,
 And *Odin* here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns smear'd with blood, 125
 The horrid forms of *Scythian* heroes stood,
 Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130

VER. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side.*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the Northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; *Zamolxis* was the disciple of *Pythagoras*, who taught the immortality of the soul to the *Scythians*. *Odin*, or *Woden*, was the great legislator and hero of the *Goths*. They tell us of him, that being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers that during those trances he receiv'd inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the *Runic* characters.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards, &c.*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rush'd on to certain death in the prospect of an after-life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions.

In

In ranks adorn'd the temples outward face ;
 The wall in lustre and effect like Glafs,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd : 140
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals :
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
 The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within, stood Heroes who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150
 High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;
 His

VER. 132. *The wall in lustre, &c.]*
It shone lighter than a glass,
And made well more than it was,
As kind thing of Fame is.

VER. 152. *The youth that all things but himself sub-*
du'd.] Alexander the Great: The Tiara was the crown
peculiar to the Asian Princes: his desire to be thought
the

His feet on sceptres and *Tiara's* trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the *Lybian* God.
 There *Cæsar*, grac'd with both *Minerva's*, shone; 155
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought: 160
 High o'er the rest *Epaminondas* stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 Bold *Scipio*, saviour of the *Roman* state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
 And wise *Aurelius*, in whose well-taught mind 165 }
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind. }
 Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the godlike *Socrates*:

the son of *Jupiter Ammon*, caus'd him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood.*]
Timoleon had sav'd the life of his brother *Timophanes* in the battle between the *Argives* and *Corinthians*; but afterwards kill'd him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

He whom ungrateful *Athens* could expel,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell:
 Here his abode the martyr'd *Phocion* claims,
 With *Agis*, not the last of *Spartan* names:
 Unconquer'd *Cato* shews the wound he tore,
 And *Brutus* his ill Genius meets no more.

175

But in the centre of the hallow'd quire,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;

Around

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, &c.] Aristides*, who for his great integrity was distinguish'd by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banish'd him by the *Ostracism*, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to *Aristides* to do it for him, who readily sign'd his own name.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd quire, &c.]* In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of *Fame*, are plac'd the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are describ'd in such attitudes as express their different characters: The columns on which they are rais'd are adorn'd with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns, &c.]*
From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.

Upon

The T E M P L E of F A M E.

15

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first, the mighty *Homer* shone;
 Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;
 Father of verse! in holy fillets dress'd,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of *Troy* were round the pillar seen:
 Here fierce *Tydidēs* wounds the *Cyprian* Queen;
 Here *Hector* glorious from *Patroclus*' fall, 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the *Trojan* wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195

*Upon a pillere saw I stonde
 That was of lede and iron fine,
 Him of the sect Saturnine,
 The Ebraicke Josephus the old, &c.*

*Upon an iron piller strong,
 That painted was all endlong,
 With tygers blood in every place,
 The Tholosan that hight Stace,
 That bare of Thebes up the name, &c.*

VER. 182.]

*Full wonder bye on a pillere
 Of iron, be the great Omer,
 And with him Dares and Titus, &c.*

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unweary'd art :
 The *Mantuan* there in sober triumph fate, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On *Homer* still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The *Latian* wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead; 205

VER. 196, &c.]

*There saw I stand on a pillere
 That was of tinned iron clere,
 The Latin Poet Virgyle,
 That bath bore up a great while
 The fame of pius Eneas :*

*And next him on a pillere was
 Of copper, Venus clerke Ovide,
 That bath sowen wondrous wide
 The great God of Love's fame——*

*Tho saw I on a pillere by
 Of iron wrought full sternly,
 The great Poet Dan Lucan,
 That on his shoulders bore up then
 As hye as that I might see,
 The fame of Julius and Pompee.*

*And next him on a pillere stode
 Of sulphur, like as he were wode,
 Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
 That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.*

Eliza

Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged fire :
Troy flam'd in burnish'd gold, and o'er the throne
Arms and the man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
 Here, like some furious prophet, *Pindar* rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th'inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the founding strings. 215
 The figur'd games of *Greece* the column grace,
Neptune and *Jove* survey the rapid race :
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
 The champions in distorted postures threat ; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy *Horace* tun'd th' *Ausonian* lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd *Pindar's* fire :
 Pleas'd with *Alcæus'* manly rage t'infuse
 The softer spirit of the *Saphic* Muse. 225
 The

VER. 210. *Four Swans sustain, &c.*] *Pindar* being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the *Grecian* games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. *Neptune* presided over the *Isthmian*, and *Jupiter* over the *Olympian* games.

VER. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t'infuse*
The softer spirit of the Saphic Muse.

The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace ;
 A work outlasting monumental brass.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The *Julian* star and great *Augustus* here.

This expresses the mixt character of the odes of *Horace* :
 the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camænæ.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

The action of the *Doves* hints at a passage in the 4th
 ode of his third book,

Me fabulosæ vulture in Appulo,

Altrici extra limen Apuliæ,

Ludo fatigatumque somno,

Fronde nova puerum palumbes

Texere ; mirum quod foret omnibus—

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis

Dormirem & urfis ; ut premerer sacra

Lauroque, collataque myrto,

Non sine Dis animosus infans.

Which may be thus english'd ;

While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,

And in a desert sleeping lay ;

The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd

To touch the Muses future bard :

But Cytheræa's gentle dove

Myrtles and Bays around me spread,

And crown'd your infant Poet's head,

Sacred to Music and to Love.

The

The T E M P L E of F A M E. 19

The Doves that round the infant Poet spread 230
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here in a shrine that cast a dazling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty *Stagyrite*;
His sacred head a radiant *Zodiac* crown'd,
And various Animals his sides surround; 235
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superiour worlds, and look all Nature thro'.

With equal rays immortal *Tully* shone,
The Roman *Rostra* deck'd the Consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, *Rome's* Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies: 245
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'rals there revive the eye, 250
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively saphyrs stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne; 255
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler *Vista's* open'd to my view :
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long ile extend. 265
 Such was her form, as antient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;

VER. 259. Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.]

*Methought that she was so lite,
 That the length of a cubite,
 Was longer than she seemed be ;
 But thus soone in a while she,
 Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
 That with her feet she th'earth reight,
 And with her head she touchyd heaven—*

VER. 270. Beneath, in order rang'd, &c.]

*I heard about her throne y-sung
 That all the palays walls rung,
 So sung the mighty muse, she
 That cleped is Calliope,
 And her seven sisters eke—*

The TEMPLE of FAME.

21

With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, thro' the length of days. 275

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook,
And all the Nations summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard; 280
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddesses bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.

VER. 276. *Around these wonders, &c.]*

*I heard a noise approachen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of out flying;
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed me.
Tho gan I look about and see
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of sondry regions,
Of all kind of conditions,——&c.*

C 3

Their

Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same;
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
 Unlike successes equal merits found. 295
 Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune reigns,
 And undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
 First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
 Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind, 300
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne:
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For Fame is all we must expect below. 305
 The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
 The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud; 310
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.

VER. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, &c.]*
And some of them she granted sone,
And some she warned well and fair,
And some she granted the contrair—
Right as her sister dame Fortune
Is wont to serve in commune.

At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread: 315
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in *Arabian* gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
 Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane.
 Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact, intrinsic worth.

VER. 318. *The good and just, &c.]*

*Tho came the third companye,
 And gan up to the dees to hye,
 And down on knees they fell anone,
 And saiden: We ben everichone
 Folke that han full truely
 Deserved Fame right-fully,
 And prayen you it might be knowe
 Right as it is, and forth blowe.*

*I grant, quoth she, for now me list
 That your good works shall be wist,
 And yet ye shall have better loos,
 Right in despite of all your foos,
 Than worthy is, and that anone.
 Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
 And certes all the breath that went
 Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
 As men a pot of baume held
 Among a basket full of roses—*

Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd: 325
 Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
 Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
 The constant tenour of whose well-spent days 330
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

But strait the direful Trump of Slander sounds;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies: 335

In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:

The

VER. 328. *Behold another croud, &c.]*

338. *From the black trumpet's rusty, &c.]*

Therewithal there came anone

Another huge companye,

Of goode folke—

What did this Eolus, but he

Tooke out his trump of brass,

That fouler than the devil was:

And gan this trump for to blowe,

As all the world should overthrowe.

Throughout every regione

Went this foul trumpet's soun,

Swift

The TEMPLE of FAME.

25

The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life; 345
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.

Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd) 350
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
A sudden cloud strait snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

Great

*Swift as a pellet out of a gunne
When fire is in the powder runne.
And suche a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpes ende,—&c.
VER. 356. Then came the smallest, &c.]
I saw anone the fifth route
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anon to fall,
And to her they besoughten all,*

To

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
 But faine in desarts from th' applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake. 365
 And live there men who slight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?

*To hiden their good workes eke;
 And said, they yewe not a leke
 For no fame ne such renowne;
 For they for contemplacyoune,
 And Goddes love had it wrought,
 Ne of fame would they ought.
 What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
 And ween ye for to do good,
 And for to have of it no fame?
 Have ye despite to have my name?
 Nay ye shall lien everichone:
 Blowe thy trump, and that anone
 (Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
 And ring these folkes workes by rote,
 That all the world may of it heare;
 And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
 In his golden clarionne,
 Through the world went the sounne,
 All so kindly, and eke so soft,
 That their fame was blowen aloft.*

But

But mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise ! Muses, rise, add all your tuneful breath, 370
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said : in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear : 375
 To farthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd ;
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days ;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair : 385
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid ;
 Of unknown Duchesses leud tales we tell,
 Yet would the world believe us, all were well.

VER. 378. *Next these a youthful train, &c.*] The reader may compare these twenty eight lines following, which contain the same matter with eighty four of *Chaucer*, beginning thus,

*Tho came the sixth companye,
 And gan faste to Fame crye, &c.*
 being too prolix to be here inserted.

The

The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request : 395

What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,

Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.

Strait the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the croud. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne ;

Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd

On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd :

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix, 410
Of crooked counsels and dark politicks ;

Of these, a gloomy tribe surround the throne,

And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.

The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire. 415

VER. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, &c.]*

Tho came another companye,

That had y-done the treachery, &c.

At

At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;

VER. 418. *Thus having heard and seen, &c.*] The Scene here changes from the temple of *Fame* to that of *Rumour*, which is almost entirely *Chaucer's*. The particulars follow.

*Tho saw I stonde in a valey,
Under the castle fast by
A house, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
And evermo, as swift as thought,
This queint house about went,
That nevermore it still stent—
And eke this house bath of entrees
As many as leaves are on trees,
In summer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may sene
A thousand holes and well mo,
To letten the soun out go;
And by day in every tide
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unshet;
No porter is there one to let,
No maner tydings in to pace;
Ne never rest is in that place.*

With

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound :
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ; 425
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;
 The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impressiion make ;
 Another ambient circle then they move ;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above ; 445

VER. 428. *As Flames by nature to the, &c.*] This thought is transferr'd hither out of the third book of Fame, where it takes up no less than 120 Verses, beginning thus,

Geffray, thou wottest well this, &c.

Thro'

Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard, of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,

Who

VER. 448. *There various news I heard, &c.]*

*Of warres, of peace, of marriages,
Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of death, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and strife,
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
Of heale, of sickness, and lessings,
Of divers transmutations
Of estates and eke of regions,
Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
Of witt, of winning, of folly,
Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident.*

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within, &c.]*

*But such a grete Congregation
Of folke as I sawe come about,*

Come

Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ; 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
 And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
 With home-born lyes, or tales from foreign lands ; 465
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
 And all who told it, added something new, 470
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with encrease from mouth to mouth.

*Some within, and some without,
 Was never seen, ne shall be est—
 And every wight that I saw there
 Rowned everich in others ear
 A new tyding privily,
 Or else he told it openly
 Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
 That is betide to night now?
 No, quoth he, tell me what?
 And then he told him this and that, &c.
 — Thus north and south
 Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
 And that encreasing evermo,
 As fire is wont to quicken and go
 From a sparkle sprong amiss,
 Till all the citee brent up is.*

So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lyes are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon; 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.

Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft' you might survey
 A lye and truth contending for the way; 490
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now, the truth and lye;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

VER. 489. *There at one passage, &c.]*

And sometime I saw there at once,

A lesing and a sad sooth saw

That gonnen at adventure draw

Out of a window forth to pace—

And no man, be he ever so wrothe,

Shall have one of these two, but bothe, &c.

VOL. III.

D

While

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500
 'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
 But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath, 505
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ; 510
 All luckless wits their enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price, 515
 As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice :
 Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way ;

VER. 497. *While thus I stood, &c.*] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In *Chaucer*, he only answers " he came to see the place ; and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprized at the sight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright.

Or

The TEMPLE of FAME.

35

Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame: 520
Then teach me, heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

D 2

S A P H C

2452 20

S A P H O
TO
P H A O N.

From OVID.

S. A. P. H. O.

TO

P. H. A. O. M.

FROM O. A. D.

2

S A P H O

T O

P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'st my heart command,
Can *Phaon's* eyes forget his *Sapho's* hand?
Must then her Name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse, 5
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.

S A P H O P H A O N I.

ECQUID ubi aspecta est studiosæ littera dextræ,
Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Saphus,
Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
Forſitan & quare mea ſint alterna requiras 5
Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus eſt: elegeia ſtebile carmen;
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.

I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born! 10
Phaon to *Ætna's* scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than *Ætna's* fires!
 No more my soul a charm in music finds,
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the *Lesbian* dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine! 20
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear, deluding eyes?

Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus euris,
Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager. 10
Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoidos Ætnæ,
Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne tenet.
Nec mihi, dispositis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pierides subeunt, Dryadesve puellæ, 15
Nec me Lesbiadum cætera turba juvant.
Vilis Amythone, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
Non oculis grata est Althis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliæ centum, quas hic sine crimine amavi:
Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20
Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni,
O facies oculis insidiosa meis!

The harp and bow would you like *Phæbus* bear,
 A brighter *Phæbus*, *Phaon* might appear ;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
 Not *Bacchus*' self with *Phaon* could compare :
 Yet *Phæbus* lov'd, and *Bacchus* felt the flame,
 One *Daphne* warm'd, and one the *Cretan* dame,
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee. 30
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resounds with *Sapbo*'s praise.
 Tho' great *Alcæus* more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
 Which *Venus* tunes, and all her loves inspire.
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting charms supply'd.
 Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
 To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40

Sume fidem & pharetram; fies manifestus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phæbus Daphnen, & Gnosida Bacchus amavit;
Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos. 30
At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, consors patriæque lyræque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit; 35
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero. 40

Brown as I am, an *Æthiopian* dame
 Inspir'd young *Perseus* with a gen'rous flame.
 Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues, unite,
 And glossy jett is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,
Phaon alone by *Phaon* must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy *Sapho* could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy: 50
 Still all those joys to my remembrance move,
 For oh! how vast a memory has Love?
 My music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stop'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.

Candida si non sum, placuit Cephæia Perseo
Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ;
Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ,
Et niger à viridi turtur amatur ave.
 Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri, 45
 Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.
At me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar;
Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.
Cantabam: memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas. 55
Hæc quoque audabas; omnique à parte placebam,
Sed tunc præcipue, cum sit amoris opus.

Then

Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair *Sicilians* now thy soul inflame;
 Why was I born, ye Gods, a *Lesbian* dame?
 But ah beware, *Sicilian* nymphs! nor boast 65
 That wandring heart which I so lately lost;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to *Sapbo* us'd.
 And you that rule *Sicilia's* happy plains,
 Have pity, *Venus*, on your Poet's pains! 70
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?

Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat, 60
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco.
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ;
Quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis esse volo.
O vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum
Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ, 65
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua sum) vati consule, diua, tuæ.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem? 70
Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?

Enur'd

Enur'd to sorrows from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears :
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame :
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow ;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of *Arabian* dew,
 Nor braids of gold the vary'd tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind :

*Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
 Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
 Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore ;
 Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
 Factus inops agili peragit freta cœrula remo : 75
 Quasque male amisit, nunc male quærit opes :
 Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter odit.
 Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
 Et tanquam desint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,
 Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
 Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis,
 Non agitur vento nostra carina suo. 80
 Ecce jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli ;
 Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
 Veste tegor vili : nullum est in crinibus aurum :
 Non Arabum noster dona capillus olet.*

For

For whom should *Sappho* use such arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for *Sappho* still to love: 90
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to *Venus* all my life to come;
 Or while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
 For those *Aurora Cephalus* might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might *Cynthia* lengthen *Phaon's* sleep,
 And bid *Endymion* nightly tend his sheep. 100

Cui color infelix? aut cui placuisse laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus autor abest.
Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis.
Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 90
Sive ita nascenti legem dixere sorores,
Nec data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ;
Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistræ,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia dedit.
Quid mirum, si me primæ lanuginis ætas
Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam;
Et faceres: sed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc si conspiciat, quæ conspicit omnia, Phæbe; 100
Iussus erit somnos continuare Phaon.

Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But *Mars* on thee might look with *Venus'* eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
 The vows you never will return, receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you)
 Farewel my *Lesbian* love, you might have said,
 Or coldly thus, farewel oh *Lesbian* maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kifs receive, 115
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.

Hunc Venus in cælum curru vexisset eburno;
Sed videt & Marti posse placere suo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque sinus formose relabere nostros: 105
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare finas.
Scribimus, & lacrymis oculi rorantur abortis;
Aspice, quam sit in hac multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses, 110
Et modo dixisses: Lesbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.

No lover's gift your *Sapbo* could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this; be mindful of our loves, and live. 120
 Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood, 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stop'd my freezing blood,
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound, 130
 I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.

*Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria: nec te
 Admonuit, quamvis pignus amantis habes.
 Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dedissem
 Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei. 120
 Per tibi, qui nunquam longè discedit, amorem,
 Perque novem juro, numina nostra, Deas;
 Quum mihi nescio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit;
 Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui;
 Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, & verba palato:
 Astriictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
 Postquam se dolor imminuit; nec pectora plangi, 130
 Nec puduit raptis exululare comis.*

Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!

*Non aliter quam si nati pia mater adempti
 Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
 Gaudet & è nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus 135
 Frater; & ante oculos itque reditque meos.
 Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;
 Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
 Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
 Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu. 140
 Tu mihi cura Phaon; te somnia nostra reducunt;
 Somnia formoso candidiora die.
 Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis; 145
 Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.*

Then

Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine: 150
 A thousand tender words, I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses, give, and take:
 Then fiercer joys—I blush to mention these,
 Yet while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes, to dream of you again:
 Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove, 160
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.

Sæpe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos. 150
Oscula cognosco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
Aptaque consuetas accipere, apta dare.
Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba
Eloquor; & vigilant sensibus ora meis.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; sed omnia fiunt,
Et juvat, & sine te non licet esse mihi.
At cum se Titan ostendit, & omnia secum;
Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.
Antra nemusque peto, tanquam nemus antraque profint, 160
Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.

I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than *Phrygian* marble, or the *Parian* stone. 166
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before,
 But, *Phaon* gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft' entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay; 170
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
 All, but the mournful *Philomel* and I:

*Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,
 Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.* 166
*Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis
 Præbuit, & multa texit opaca coma.*
*At non invenio dominum sylvæque, meumque,
 Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.*
Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas: 170
De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.
*Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;
 Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.*
*Quin etiam rami positis lugere videntur
 Frondibus; & nullæ dulce queruntur aves.*
Sola virum non ulta pie mæstissima mater 175
Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.

With

With mournful *Philomel* I join my strain,
Of *Tereus* she, of *Phaon* I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below; 180
A flow'ry *Lotos* spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood,
She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
" Fly hence, and seek the fair *Leucadian* main;
" There stands a rock from whose impending steep
" *Apollo's* fane surveys the rolling deep; 190
" There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
" Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.

Ales Ityn, Sapho desertos cantat amores;
Haec tenus, ut media cætera nocte silent.
Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni, 180
Fons sacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem supra ramos extendit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero cespite terra viret.
Hic ego cum lassos posuisssem fletibus artus, 185
Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos.
Constitit, & dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus æquis
" Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
" Phæbus ab excelsso, quantum patet, aspicit æquor; 190
" Actiacum populi, Leucadiumque vocant.

" *Deucalion* once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless *Pyrrha* scorn'd;
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main, 195
 " *Deucalion* scorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
 " Haste *Sapho*, haste, from high *Leucadia* throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200
 I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
 I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from *Phaon's* hate, 205
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below!

" *Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore,*
 " *Misit, & illæso corpore pressit aquas.* 195
 " *Nec mora; versus amor fugit lentissima merfi*
 " *Pectora: Deucalion igne levatus erat.*
 " *Hanc legem locus ille tenet. Pete protinus altam*
 " *Leucada; nec saxo desiluisse time.*
 Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego territa surgo; 200
 Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.
 Ibimus, ô Nymphæ, monstrataque saxa petemus.
 Sit procul insano victus amore timor.
 Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura subito,
 Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.

And

And thou, kind *Love*, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main, 210 }
 Nor let a Lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
 On *Phæbus*' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below.

" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
 " *Sapho* to *Phæbus* consecrates her Lyre; 215

" What suits with *Sapho*, *Phæbus*, suits with thee;

" The gift, the giver, and the God agree.

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
 To distant seas must tender *Sapho* fly?
 Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be, 220
 And *Phæbus*' self is less a God to me.

Ah! can'st thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
 O far more faithless and more hard than they?

Tu quoque mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti; 210

Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.

Inde chelyn Phæbo communia munera ponam:

Et sub ea versus unus & alter erunt.

" *Grata lyram posui tibi, Phæbe, pœtria Sapho;* 215

" *Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."*

Cur tamen Aëtiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,

Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?

Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda: 220

Et forma & meritis tu mihi Phæbus eris.

An potes, ô scopulis undaque ferocior illa,

Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?

Ah! can'st thou rather see this tender breast
 Dash'd on those rocks, than to thy bosom prest? 225
 This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
 Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
 Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre,
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign, 236
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)

*Ab quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
 Quam poterant saxis præcipitanda dari! 225*
*Hæc sunt illa Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas,
 Visaque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi:
 Nunc vellem facunda forem, dolor artibus obstat;
 Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.*
Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires: 230
Plectra dolore tacent, muta dolore lyra est.
*Lesbides æquoreæ, nupturaque, nuptaque proles,
 Lesbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra:
 Lesbides, infamem quæ me fecistis amatæ;
 Desinite ad cytharas turba venire meas.*
Abstulit omne Phaon quod vobis ante placebat: 236
Me miseram, dixi quam modo pene Meus!

Return,

Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
 Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires; 240
 But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
 Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air! 245
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
 If you return—ah why these long delays?
 Poor *Sappho* dies, while careless *Phaon* stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the watry plain; 250
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.

Efficite ut redeat; vates quoque vestra redibit:
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 240
Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?
An riget? & Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent;
Hoc te, si sciret, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
Munera: quid laceras pectora nostra mora?
Solve ratem; Venus orta mari, mare præstet amanti. 250
Aura dabit cursum; tu modo solve ratem.
Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido;
Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.

If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?) 255
 If not from *Phaon* I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love!

*Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sapho:
 (Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga) 255
 Hoc saltem miseræ crudelis epistola dicat,
 Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.*

VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA:

From the FOURTEENTH Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

NOAH & OHAS

It was said by—what could it be,
The word said, that—what could it be,
It was said by—what could it be,

VERTUMINUS

AND
POMONA

POMONA:

From the FOURTEENTH Book of

ORID'S METAMORPHOSES.

VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA.

THE fair *Pomona* flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.

VERTUMNUS & POMONA.

REGE *sub hęc Pomona fuit: qua nulla satinas*
Inter hamadryadas coluit sollertius hortos;
Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera factus:
Unde tenet nomen. non silvas illa, nec amnes; 5
Rus amat, & ramos, felicia poma ferentes.

The

60 VERTUMNUS and POMONA.

The hook she bore, instead of *Cynthia's* spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
 Averse from *Venus* and the nuptial joy.
 Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20
 How oft' the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
 The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old *Silenus*, youthful in decay,

Nec jaculo gravis est, sed aduncâ dextera falce : 10
Quâ modo luxurtem premit, & spatiantia passim
Brachia compescit: fissâ modo cortice virgam
Inserit: & succos alieno præstat alumno.
Nec patitur sentire sitim: bibulæque recurvas 15
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc studium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agrestum metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus: & accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. 20
Quid non & Satyri, saltatibus apta juvenus,
Fecere, & pinu præcineli cornua Panes,
Silvanusque, suis semper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,

Em-

VERTUMNUS and POMONA. 61

Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care, 25
 To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
 Like these, *Vertumnus* own'd his faithful flame,
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
 To gain her sight, a thousand forms he wears,
 And first a reaper from the field appears, 30
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose straglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs. 40

Ut potirentur eâ? sed enim superabat amando 25
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.
O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago!
Tempora sæpe gerens sæno religata recenti,
Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
Sæpe manu stimulos rigidâ portabat; ut illum 35
Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.
Falce datâ, frondator erat, vitisque putator.
Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares.

62 VERTUMNUS and POMONA.

A soldier now, he with his sword appears ;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears ;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
 A female form at last *Vertumnus* wears, 45 }
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs ;
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The God, in this decrepit form array'd, 50 }
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruits survey'd,
 And " Happy you ! (he thus address'd the maid) }
 " Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
 " As other gardens are excell'd by thine !
 Then kiss'd the fair ; (his kisses warmer grow 55
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)
 Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.

*Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumtâ,
 Denique per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
 Repperit, ut caperet spectatæ gaudia formæ.
 Ille etiam pictâ redimitus tempora mitrâ, 45
 Innitens baculo, positis ad tempora canis
 Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos ;
 Pomaque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
 Paucaque laudatæ dedit oscula; qualia nunquam 55
 Vera dedisset anus: glebâque incurva resedit,
 Suspiciens pandos autumnî pondere ramos.*

An

VERTUMNUS and POMONA. 63

An Elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread : 60
He view'd their twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround 65
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!
What nymph cou'd e'er attract such crouds as you? 70
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaurs arms,
Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.

Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis : 60
Quam sociâ postquam pariter cum vite probavit ;
At si stare, ait, cælebs sine palmite truncus,
Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
Hæc quoque, quæ junctâ vitis requiescit in ulmo, 65
Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus ;
Concubitusque fugis ; nec te conjungere curas.
Atque utinam velles ! Helene non pluribus esset 70
Sollicitata procis : nec quæ Lapitheia movit
Prælia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulixæi.

64 VERTUMNUS and POMONA.

Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
 A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains and our *Alban* woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80
 (Far more than e'er can by your self be guest)
 Fix on *Vertumnus*, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands *Vertumnus* never roves; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
 For you he lives; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care. }

Nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
Mille proci cupiunt; & semideique, deique, 75
Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
Sed tu, si sapias, si te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis, 80
Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas:
Vertumnumque tori socium tibi delige: pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe. neque enim sibi notior ille est,
Quam mihi. nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe, 85
Hæc loca sola colit; nec uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat; tu primus & ultimus illi
Ardor eris; solique suos tibi devovet annos.

Besides,

VERTUMNUS and POMONA. 65

Besides, he's lovely far above the rest, 90
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may *Pomona* please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares, and pleasures, are the same: 95
 To him your orchards early fruits are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
 He values these; but yet (alas) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows 100
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
 You, only you, can move the God's desire:
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire! 105
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
 Think, 'tis *Vertumnus* begs you to be kind!

Adde, quod est juvenis: quod naturale decoris 90
Munus habet: formasque aptè fingetur in omnes:
Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quæ tibi poma coluntur,
Primus habet; lætæque tenet tua munera dextrâ?
Sed neque jam factus desiderat arbore demtos,
Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas; 100
Nec quidquam, nisi te. Miserere ardentis: & ipsum,
Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede precari.

66 VERTUMNUS and POMONA.

So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows, 110
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs !

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
 He strait assum'd his native form again ;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
 And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
 Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
 Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design ;
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
 Of charming features, and a youthful face ;
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

*Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
 Poma: nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.* 110

*Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
 Edidit; in juvenem rediit, & anilia demit
 Instrumenta sibi: talisque adparuit illi,
 Qualis ubi oppositos nitidissima solis imago 115
 Evicit nubes, nullâque obstante reluxit.
 Vimque parat, sed vi non est opus: inque figura
 Capta Dei Nympha est, & mutua vulnera sentit.*

THE
F A B L E
O F
D R Y O P E:

From the NINTH BOOK of
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE
FABLE
OF
D R Y O P E :

By
OVID METAMORPHOSES.

THE
F A B L E
O F
D R Y O P E.

Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Almena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable.

SHE said, and for her lost *Galanthis* sighs,
When the fair Consort of her son replies.
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;

DIXIT: &, *admonitu veteris commota ministræ,
Ingemuit; quam sic nurus est adfata gementem:
Te tamen, ô genetrîx, alienæ à sanguine vestro
Rapta movet facies. Quid si tibi mira sororis*

Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5
 A nearer woe, a Sister's stranger fate.
 No Nymph of all *Oechalia* could compare
 For beauteous form with *Dryope* the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
 (My self the offspring of a second bride.) 10
 This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom *Delphi* and the *Delian* isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and blest'd in all those charms
 That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.
 A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 15
 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
 These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
 And to the *Naiads* flow'ry garlands brought;
 Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
 Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20

Fata meæ referam? quamquam lacrymæque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. Fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex aliâ genuit) notissima formâ 10
Oechalidum Dryope: quem virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andræmon; Et habetur conjuge felix.
Est lacus, acclivis devexo margine formam 15
Litoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia, quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus: tepidique ope lactis alebat. 20

Not

Not distant far, a watry *Lotos* grows,
 The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
 Adorn'd with blossoms promis'd fruits that vie
 In glowing colours with the *Tyrian* dye:
 Of these she crop'd, to please her infant son, 25
 And I my self the same rash act had done:
 But lo! I saw, (as near her side I stood)
 The violated blossoms drop with blood;
 Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
 The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
 As from *Priapus*' lawless lust she flew,
 Forsook her form; and fixing here became
 A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.
 This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight,
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:

Haud praeul à stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato 25
Porrigeret, flores: Et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. Vidi guttas è flore cruentas
Decidere; Et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 30
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
Lotis in hanc Nymphæ, fugiens obscæna Priapi,
Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.
Nescierat soror hoc; quæ cum perterrita retro 35
Ire; Et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis;

But when she backward wou'd have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground: 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And as she struggles, only moves above;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below:
 Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves;
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
 The child *Amphisus*, to her bosom prest,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
 And found the springs that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
 Embrac'd thy boughs, the rising bark delay'd, 55
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Hæserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat: 40
Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo,
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit: conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant. 45
At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
Ubera: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50
Speſtatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, ſoror: quantumque valebam,
Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar: 55
Et (fateor) volui ſub eodem cortice condi.

Behold,

Behold *Andræmon* and th' unhappy Sire
 Appear, and for their *Dryope* enquire;
 A springing tree for *Dryope* they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind, 60
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrace, as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
 From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear,
 And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n, 70
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
 In mutual innocence our lives we led:

*Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt:
 Et quærunt Dryopen: Dryopen quærentibus illis
 Ostendi Loton. Tepido dant oscula ligno: 60
 Adfusi que suæ radicibus arboris hærent.
 Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
 Cara soror. Lacrimæ misero de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque præstant 65
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus.
 Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro
 Non meruisse nefas. Patior sine crimine pœnam. 70
 Viximus innocuæ: si mentior, arida perdam,*

If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
 And to his mother let him oft' be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame 80
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!
 If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
 The browsing cattel or the piercing steel.

Quas habeo, frondes; & cæsa securibus urar. 75
Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis:
Et date nutrici: nostrâque sub arbore sæpe
Lac facitote bibat; nostrâque sub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet, 80
Et tristis dicat: Latet hoc sub stipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse Dearum.
Care, vale, conjux, & tu germana, paterque.
Quod si qua est pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis, 90
A pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.

Farewell!

The FABLE of DRYOPE.

75

Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 95
 I can no more; the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
 Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.
 She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be; 100
 And all the nymph was lost within the Tree:
 Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

*Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
 Erigite hic artus, & ad oscula nostra venite,
 Dum tangi possum, parvumque attollite natum, 95
 Plura loqui nequeo. Nam jam per candida mollis
 Colla liber serpit: summoque cacumine condor.
 Ex oculis removete manus. Sine munere vestro
 Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
 Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque 100
 Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.*

THE

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON
BY JAMES BOSWELL
IN TWO VOLUMES
LONDON: PRINTED BY A. MILLAR, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1791.
BY THE AUTHORITY OF PARLIAMENT.
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THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.

A R G U M E N T.

O *Edipus* King of *Thebes* having by mistake slain his father *Laius*, and marry'd his mother *Jocasta*, put out his own eyes, and resign'd the realm to his sons, *Etheocles* and *Polynices*. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury *Tisiphone*, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtain'd by *Etheocles*. *Jupiter*, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the *Thebans*, and *Argives* also, by means of a marriage betwixt *Polynices* and one of the daughters of *Adrastus* King of *Argos*. *Juno* opposes, but to no effect; and *Mercury* is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of *Laius*, who is to appear to *Etheocles*, and provoke him to break the agreement. *Polynices* in the mean time departs from *Thebes* by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at *Argos*; where he meets with *Tydeus*, who had fled from *Calydon*, having kill'd his brother. *Adrastus* entertains them, having receiv'd an oracle from *Apollo* that his daughters should be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of *Phæbus* and *Psamathe*, and the story of *Choræbus*. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to *Apollo*.

The Translator hopes he needs not apologize for his Choice of this piece, which was made almost in his Childhood. But finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS his *THEBAIS*.

FRaternal Rage, the guilty *Thebes* alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes 5
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, *Agenor's* stern decree,
And *Cadmus* searching round the spacious sea?

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ?
Sidonios raptus, & inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? scrutantemque æquora Cadmum?
How

How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
 And reap'd an Iron harvest of his toil? 10
 Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
 While to his harp divine *Amphion* sung?
 Or shall I *Juno's* hate to *Thebes* resound,
 Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found;
 The fire against the son his arrows drew, 15
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
 And while her arms her second hope contain,
 Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
 But wave whate'er to *Cadmus* may belong,
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song 20
 At *Oedipus*—from his disasters trace
 The long confusions of his guilty race.
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
 And mighty *Cæsar's* conqu'ring eagles sing;

Longa retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia sulcis 10.
Expeditam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes.
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho,
Quod sævæ Junonis opus, cui sumpserit arcum 15
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, socio casura Palæmone mater.
Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, & prospera Cadmi
Præteriisse finam: limes mihi carminis esto 20
Oedipodæ confusa domus: quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec Arctæos ausim sperare triumphos,

How

How twice he tam'd proud *Ister's* rapid flood, 25
 While *Dacian* mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;
 Twice taught the *Rhine* beneath his laws to roll,
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
 Or long before, with early valour strove
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of *Jove*. 30
 And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame;
 Encrease of glory to the *Latian* name!
 Oh bless thy *Rome* with an eternal reign,
 Nor let desiring worlds intreat in vain.
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space, 35
 And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;
 Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;
 Tho' *Phæbus* longs to mix his rays with thine,
 And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40
 Tho' *Jove* himself no less content would be,
 To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;

Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum, 25
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiae decus addite famæ, 30
Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
Æternum sibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat stellas, & te plaga lucida cæli
Pleiadum, Boreæque, & hiulci fulminis expert 35
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat; aut magni cedat tibi Juppiter æqua

Yet stay, great *Cæsar*! and vouchsafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
 Resign to *Jove* his empire of the skies, 45
 And people heav'n with *Roman* Deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breast to sing of *Cæsar*'s fame:
 Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muse
 In *Theban* wars an humbler theme may chuse: 50
 Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
 And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55
 Of Kings unbury'd on the wasted coasts;
 When *Dirce*'s fountain blush'd with *Grecian* blood,
 And *Thetis*, near *Ismenos*' swelling flood,
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60

*Parte poli; mancas hominum contentus habenis,
 Undarum terræque potens, & sidera dones. 45
 Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior æstro
 Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn, satis arma referre
 Aonia, & geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
 Nec furiis post fata modum, flammæque rebelles
 Seditione rogi, tumultisque carentia regum
 Funera, & egestas alternis mortibus arbes; 55
 Cœrula cum rubuit Lernæo sanguine Dirce,
 Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,
 Horrui ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.*

What

What Hero, *Clio*! wilt thou first relate?
 The Rage of *Tydeus*, or the Prophet's fate?
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tyde?
 Or how the * Youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
 Then to fierce *Capaneus* thy verse extend,
 And sing, with horror, his prodigious end.
 Now wretched *Oedipus*, depriv'd of fight,
 Led a long death in everlasting night; 70
 But while he dwells where not a chearful ray
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
 The clear, reflecting mind, presents his sin
 In frightful views, and makes it day within;
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul.

Quem prius hercum Clio dabis? immodicum ira
Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget & hostilem propellens cœdibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi 65
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.
Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
Merferat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaue animam sub morte traherat. 70
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque recessu
Sedis, inaspectos cœlo, radiisque penates
Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis
Sæva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore Diræ. 75

* Parthenopæus.

The wretch then lifted to th' unpitied skies
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
 Whose wounds yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke. 80

Ye Gods that o'er the gloomy regions reign
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
 Thou, sable *Styx*! whose livid streams are roll'd
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I tho' blind behold:
Tisiphone, that oft' hast heard my pray'r, 85
 Assist, if *Oedipus* deserve thy care!
 If you receiv'd me from *Jocasta's* womb,
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:
 If leaving *Polybus*, I took my way
 To *Cyrrha's* temple, on that fatal day, 90
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
 Where the three roads the *Phocian* fields divide:

*Tunc vacuos orbes crudum ac miserabile vitæ
 Supplicium ostentat cælo, manibusque cruentis
 Pulsat inane solum, sævæque ita voce precatur. 80
 Dî fontes animas, angustæque Tartara pænis
 Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
 Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari
 Annue Tisiphone, perversæque vota secunda. 85
 Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
 Fovisti gremio, & trajetum vulnere plantas
 Firmasti: si stagna petii Cyrrhæa bicorni 90
 Interfusa jure, possem cum degere falso
 Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce
 Longævum implicui regem, secuique tremantis*

If I the *Sphinx*'s riddles durst explain,
 Taught by thy self to win the promis'd reign:
 If wretched I, by baleful furies led, 95
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd:
 Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight. 100
 Oh hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!
 My sons their old, unhappy fire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn,
 These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.

*Ora senis, dum quæro patrem: si Sphynxos iniquæ
 Callidus ambages te præmonstrante resolvit:
 Si dulces furias, & lamentabile matris 95
 Connubium gavisus inii: noctemque nefandam
 Sæpe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi:
 Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cedentibus ultro
 Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui: 100
 Exaudi, si digna precor, quæque ipsa furenti
 Subjiceres: Orbem visu, regnisque, parentem
 Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
 Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce superbi
 (Pro dolor) & nostro jamdudum funere reges,
 Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.*

Art thou a Father, unregarding *Jove* !
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above ? 110
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail :
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore ;
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear ; 115 }
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany !
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands, 120
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands :
 Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.
 The Fury heard, while on *Cocytus*' brink
 Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink ; 125

Hicce etiam funestus ego? Et videt ista deorum
Ienavus genitor? tu saltem debita vindex 110
Huc ades, Et totos in pœnam ordine nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro 115
Dissiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidisse nefas. nec tarda sequetur
Mens juvenum, modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.
Talia jactanti crudelis Di-va severos
Advertit vultus, inamœnum forte sedebat

But

But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
 The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
 Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight, 130
 And dark dominions of the silent night;
 Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
 To th' iron gates of *Tenarus* she flies,
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135
 The day beheld, and sickning at the sight,
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
 Affrighted *Atlas*, on the distant shore,
 Trembl'd, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
 Now from beneath *Malea's* airy height 140
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to *Thebes* her flight;

Coccyton juxta resolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.
Illicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris
Tristibus exiliit ripis. Discedit inane 130
Vulgus, & occursum dominæ pavet, illa per umbras
Et caligantes animarum examine campos.
Tenariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ:
Sensit adesse dies: piceo nox obvia nimbo 135
Lucentes turbavit equos: procul arduus Atlas
Horrui, & dubia cælum cervice remisit.
Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle resurgens 140
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas

With eager speed the well-known journey took,
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
 A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145
 In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow,
 Such rays from *Phæbe's* bloody circle flow,
 When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky. 149
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
 Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame ;
 From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death :
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone : 155
 She toss'd her meagre arms ; her better hand
 In waving circles whirl'd a sun'ral brand ;
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerasæ, 145
Turba minor dira capitis : sedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis. Qualis per nubila Phæbes
Atracea rubet arte labor : suffusa veneno 150
Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis : igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa sitis, morbique, famesque,
Et populis mors una venit : riget horrida tergo
Palla, & cærulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus. 155
Tum geminas quatit illa manus : hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus æra verberat hydro.

But

But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160
 Where vast *Cythæron*'s top salutes the sky,
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
 And thro' th' *Achaian* cities send the sound.
Oete, with high *Parnassus*, heard the voice; 165
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;
 Again *Leucothoe* shock at these alarms,
 And press'd *Palæmon* closer in her arms.
 Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
 And o'er the *Theban* palace spreads her wings, 170
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
 Strait with the * rage of all their race possess'd,
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
 And all the furies wake within their breast. 175

Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cythæron 160
Occurrit cælo, fera sibila crine virenti
Congeminat signum terris, unde omnis Achæi
Ora maris late, Pelopejaque regna resultant.
Audiit & medius cæli Parnassus, & asper 165
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona pressit.
Atque ea Cadmæo præceps ubi limine primum 170
Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
Gentilesque animos subiit furor, ægraque lætis

* Gentilisque animos fubit furor, seems to me a better
 reading than gentilesque. Their

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
 And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;
 And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties
 Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
 And impotent Desire to reign alone, 180
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
 Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
 While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.
 As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
 And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185
 Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
 Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
 But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
 And all the furrows in confusion lay:
 Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190
 Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

*Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
 Sævus amor: ruptæque vices, jurisque secundi
 Ambitus impatiens, & summo dulcius unum
 Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regnis. 180
 Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
 Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro:
 Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo
 Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
 In diversa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
 Viribus, & vario confundunt limite sulcos:
 Haud secus indomitos præceps discordia fratres 190
 Asperat. Alterni placuit sub legibus anni*

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
 To govern *Thebes* by their alternate sway;
 Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
 That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195
 And the short monarch of a hasty year
 Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
 Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
 But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd, 200
 No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd,
 No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
 No *Grecian* stone the pompous arches grac'd;
 No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
 Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate: 205
 No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
 Nor silver vases took the forming mold,
 Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—

*Exilio mutare ducem. Sic jure maligno
 Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrā tenentem
 Fœdere præcipiti semper novus angeret hæres. 190
 Hæc inter fratres pietas erat: hæc mora pugnae
 Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.*

*Et nondum crasso laquearia fulta metallo, 200
 Montibus aut late Graiis effulta nitebant
 Atria, congestos satis explicitura clientes.
 Non impacatis regum advigilantia somnis 205
 Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
 Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
 Atque aurum violare cibis. Sed nuda potestas*

Say,

Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage? 210
 Say to what end your impious arms engage?
 Not all bright *Phœbus* views in early morn,
 Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,
 And the cold north receives a fainter day; 215
 For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
 But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
 Decrees to proud *Etheocles* the crown:
 What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day, 220
 When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,

*Armauit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
 Dumque uter angustæ squallentia jugera Dirces
 Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovaret
 Exules, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
 Et vitæ, mortisque pudor. • Quo tenditis iras 210
 Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
 Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
 Cardine, quem portu vergens prospectat Ibero?
 Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit
 Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215
 Igne Noti? quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
 Conveſcentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ
 Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est
 Oedipodæ sedisse loco. Jam sorte cadebat
 Dilatus Polynicis honos. Quis tum sibi sæve, 220
 Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula*

Pleas'd.

Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent; 225
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaim'd—O *Thebes*! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign? 235
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear? }
'These now controul a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240

*Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt 225
Plebis Ecbioniae, tacitumque à principe vulgus
Diffidet, & (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læsisse veneno
Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti
Ferre duces. Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus 235
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla!
Partiti versant populorum fata, manaque*

Evn

Ev'n Fortune rules no more :—O servile land,
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command !
 Thou Sire of Gods and men, imperial *Jove* !
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above ?
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate; 245
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;
 When banish'd *Cadmus* wand'ring o'er the main,
 For lost *Europa* search'd the world in vain,
 And fated in *Bæotian* fields to found
 A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain ?
 What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears !
 How all the tyrant in his face appears !
 What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow ! 255
 Gods ! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow !

Fortunam fecere levem. Semperne vicissim
Exulibus servire dabor ? tibi summe deorum,
Terrarumque sator, sociis hanc addere mentem 245
Sedit ? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpathio jussus sale quærere Cadmus
Exul Hyanthæos invenit regna per agros : 250
Fraternasque acies fætæ telluris biatu,
Augurium, seros dimisit adusque nepotes ?
Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
Sævior assurgens dempto consorte potestas ?
Quas gerit ore minas ? quanto premit omnia fastu ? 255

Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
 Who more propitious to the suppliant croud, 260
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.
 Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!
 As when two winds with rival force contend, 265
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing *Boreas* and black *Eurus* blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
 Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate, 270
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.
 And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes:

Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, & effatu bonus & patientior equi. 260
Quid mirum? non solus erat. Nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus 265
Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.
Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aspera sors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur. 270
At Jovis imperio rapidi super atria cæli
Lectus concilio diuûm convenerat ordo

Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
 High o'er the rowling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
 Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
 The realms of rising and declining day,
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea. }
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne, 280
 The Majesty of heav'n superior shone ;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful * nod.
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd : 285
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs ;
 Those from whose urns the rowling rivers flow ;
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow ;

*Interiore polo. Spatiis hinc omnia juxta
 Primæque occiduæque domus, effusa sub omni
 Terra atque unda die. Mediis sese arduus infert 280
 Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
 Stellantique locat folio. Nec protinus ausi
 Cælicolæ, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
 Tranquilla jubet esse manu. Mox turba vagorum 285
 Semideûm, & summis cognati nubibus amnes,
 Et compressa metu servantes murmura venti,*

* Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu, is the com-
 mon reading; I believe it should be nutu, with refe-
 rence to the word quatiens.

Here

Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease, 290
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
 A shining synod of majestic Gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes,
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
 And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295
 The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
 And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy, 300
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
 Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of *Jove*!
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain: 305
 Th' o'erlabour'd *Cyclop* from his task retires;
 Th' *Æolian* forge exhausted of its fires.

*Aurea templa replent, mixta convexa deorum
 Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
 Culmina, & arcano florentes lumine postes. 295
 Postquam jussa quies, siluitque exterritus orbis,
 Incipit ex alto: (grave & immutabile sanctis
 Pondus adest verbis, & vocem fata sequuntur)
 Terrarum delicta, nec exuperabile diris
 Ingenium mortale queror. Quonam usque nocentum 300
 Exigar in pœnas? tædet sævire corusco
 Fulmine; jam pridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
 Brachia, & Æoliis desunt incudibus ignes.*

For this, I suffer'd *Phæbus*' steeds to stray,
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
 For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main: }
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
 Two races now, ally'd to *Jove*, offend; 315
 To punish these, see *Jove* himself descend!
 The *Theban* Kings their line from *Cadmus* trace,
 From godlike *Perseus* those of *Argive* race.
 Unhappy *Cadmus*' fate who does not know?
 And the long series of succeeding wee: 320
 How oft' the Furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
 Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood;

Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos
Solis equos, cælumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontæa mundum squallere favilla. 310
Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late
Ire per illicitum pelago germane dedisti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quis sanguinis autor 315
Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in agros
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis imposta manet: quis funera Cadmi 320
Nesciat? & toties excitam à sedibus imis
Eumenidum bellasse aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
Erroresque feros nemorum, & reticenda deorum

The

The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
 E'er I recount the sins of these profane,
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again. }
 Have we not seen (the blood of *Laius* shed) 330
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
 Thro' violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh *Oedipus*, just heav'n alarms,
 And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340
 And give the nations to the waste of war.

Crimina? vix lucis spatium, vix noctis abactæ 325
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius hæres
Patris, & immeritæ gremium inestare parentis 330
Appetit, proprios (monstrum!) revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen Superis æterna piacula solvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius æthere nostro
Vescitur, at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes 335
Calcavere oculos. Jam jam rata vota tulisti
Dire senex: meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
Ultorem sperare Jovem: nova fontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque à stirpe revellam 340
Exitiale genus. Belli mihi semina sunt

Adrastus soon, with Gods averſe, ſhall join,
 In dire alliance with the *Theban* line;
 Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
 The guilty realms of *Tantalus* ſhall bleed; 345
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breaſt
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feaſt.

He ſaid; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
 (With ſudden grief her lab'ring boſom burn'd)
 Muſt I whoſe cares *Phoroneus*' tow'rs defend, 350
 Muſt I, oh *Jove*, in bloody wars contend?
 Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
 Tho' there the fair *Egyptian* heifer fed,
 And there deluded *Argus* ſlept, and bled; 355
 Tho' there the braz'n tow'r was ſtorm'd of old,
 When *Jove* deſcended in almighty gold.

Adrastus ſocer, & *Superis* adjuncta ſiniſtris
Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis inceſſere gentem
 Decretum eſt: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax 345
Tantalus, & ſævæ periit injuria menſæ.

Sic pater omnipotens. Aſt illi ſaucia dictis
Flammato verſans inopinum corde dolorem
Falia *Juno* refert: Mene, ô juſtiſſime divûm,
 Me bello certare jubes? ſcis ſemper ut arces 350
Cyclopum, magnique *Phoroneos* inclyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem; licet improbus illic
Cuſtodem *Phariæ*, ſomno letoque juvencæ 355
Extinguas, ſeptis & turribus aureus intres.

Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
 But *Thebes*, where shining in cœlestial charms. 360
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
 Curs'd *Thebes* the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
 Ah why shou'd *Argos* feel the rage of *Jove*? 365
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-Queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, raze my *Samos*, let *Mycenè* fall,
 And level with the dust the *Spartan* wall;
 No more let mortals *Juno*'s pow'r invoke, 370 }
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
 But to your *Isis* all my rites transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
 For her, thro' *Ægypt*'s fruitful clime renown'd, 375
 Let weeping *Nilus* hear the timbrel sound.

Mentitis ignosco toris: illam odimus urbem
Quam vultu confessus adis: ubi conscia magni 360
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, & mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebæ: cur hostes eligis Argos? 365
Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,
Et Samon, & veteres armis exscinde Mycenæ;
Verte solo Sparten. Cur usquam sanguine festo 370
Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Eöi
Læta calet? melius votis Mareotica fumat
Coptos, & ærisoni lugentia flumina Nili.

But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage ; 380
 Say, from what period then has *Jove* design'd
 To date his vengeance ; to what bounds confin'd ?
 Begin from thence, where first *Alphæus* hides
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides }
 Unmix'd, to his *Sicilian* river glides. 385 }
 Thy own *Arcadians* there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce *Oenomäus*, defil'd with blood ;
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found, 390
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
 Say, can those honours please ? and can'st thou love
 Presumptuous *Crete*, that boasts the tomb of *Jove* ?

Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis sera hæc sententia curis, 380
Percensere ævi senium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, & secula retro
Emendare sat est ? jamdudum à sedibus illis
Incipe, flucti-vaga qua præterlabitur unda 385
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheos amores.
Ac ades hic tua (nec pudor est ?) delubra nefastis
Imposuere locis: illic Marvortius axis
Cenomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Æmo 390
Dignius: abruptis, etiamnum inhumata procorum
Reliquiis trunca ora riget. Tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos: placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes

And

And shall not *Tantalus* his kingdoms share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395
 Reverse, O *Jove*, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
 On impious realms, and barb'rous Kings, impose
 Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such * Sons as those.
 Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd 400
 The rage and grief contending in her breast;
 Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply.
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
 The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare 405 }
 Against a nation thy peculiar care:
 No less *Dione* might for *Thebes* contend,
 Nor *Bacchus* less his native town defend,
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
 Their work, and reverence our superior will. 410

*Creta tuos. Me Tantaleis consistere tectis,
 Quæ tandem invidia est? belli deflechte tumultus, 395
 Et generis miseresce tui. Sunt impia late
 Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.
 Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno. 400
 At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
 Reddidit hæc: Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
 Laturam, quodcunque tuos, (licet æquus) in Argos 405
 Consulerem, neque me (si detur copia) fallit
 Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem
 Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.*

* *Etheocles and Polynices.*

For by the black infernal *Syx* I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of *Jove*;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
 Haste then, *Cyllenius*, thro' the liquid air; 415
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up *Laius* to the realms of day,
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on *Cocytus*' sand,
 Expects its passage to the farther strand: 420
 Let the pale fire revisit *Thebes*, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his *Argive* bride,
 Almighty *Jove* commands him to detain 425
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:

*Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris
 Obtestor, mansurum & non revocabile verum,
 Nil fore quo dictis flectar. Quare impiger ales 415
 Portantes præcede notos Cyllenia proles,
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
 Dic patruo: superas senior se tollat ad auras
 Laius, extinctum nati quem vulnere nondum
 Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi 420
 Lege Erebi: ferat hæc diro mea jussa nepoti:
 Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem
 Hospitiis, quod sponte caput, procul impius aula
 Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:*

Be this the cause of more than mortal hate ;
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.
 The God obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies ; 430
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head !
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;
 That drives the dead to dark *Tartarean* coasts, 435
 Or back to life compels the wond'ring ghosts.
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of *May*
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way,
 Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height ; 440
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
 Meantime the banish'd *Polynices* roves
 (His *Thebes* abandon'd) thro' th' *Aonian* groves,

Hinc causæ irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.
Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, & inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis, 430
Obnubitque comas, & temperat astra galero.
Tum dextræ virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire 435
Tartara, & exangues animare assueverat umbras.
Desluit; tenuique exceptus inborruit aura.
Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus 440
Carpit, & ingenti designat nubila gyro.
Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furtim deserta pererrat

While

While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight, 445
 His daily vision and his dream by night;
 Forbidden *Thebes* appears before his eye,
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
 With transport views the airy rule his own,
 And swells on an imaginary throne. 450
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
 And live out all in one triumphant day.
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
 The hero then resolves his course to bend
 Where ancient *Danaus'* fruitful fields extend,
 And fam'd *Mycene's* lofty tow'rs ascend,
 (Where late the sun did *Atreus'* crimes detest, 460
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)

Aonia. Jam jamque animis male debita regna 445
Concipit, & longum signis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. Tenet una dies noctesque recursans
Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno
Germanam, & semet Thebis, opibusque potitum 450
Cerneret, hac ævum cupiat pro luce pacisci.
Nunc queritur cœu tarda fugæ dispendia: sed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, & sedisse superbum
Dejecto se fratre putat, spes anxia mentem 455
Extrahit, & longo consumit gaudia voto.
Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danciaque regna,
Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenæ,

And

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From *Bacchus'* consecrated caves he fled,
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
 And *Pentheus'* blood enrich'd the rising ground. 465
 Then sees *Cythæron* tow'ring o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.
 Next to the bounds of *Nisus'* realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous *Scylla* cut the purple hairs:
 The hanging cliffs of *Scyron's* rock explores, 470
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores:
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately *Corinth's* pleasing site surveys.
 'Twas now the time when *Phæbus* yields to night,
 And rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver light, 475
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;

*Ferre iter impavidum. Seu prævia ducit Erynnis,
 Seu fors illa viæ, sive hac immota vocabat
 Atropos: Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
 Deserit, & pingues Bacchæo sanguine colles. 465
 Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron
 Porrigitur, lapsumque inclinat ad æquora montem
 Præterit. hinc arête scopuloso in limite pendens, 470
 Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæaque rura
 Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon
 Linqvit, & in mediis audit duo littora campis.
 Jamque per emeriti surgens consinia Phæbi 475
 Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
 Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.*

All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day ;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night ;
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise, 486
 Encrease the darkness and involve the skies.
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
 Burst from th' *Æolian* caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky :
 But with a thicker night black *Auster* shrouds
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,

*Jam pecudes volucresque tacent ; jam somnus avaris
 Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat 480
 Grata laboratæ referens obliviam vitæ.
 Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cælo
 Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris
 Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phæbo.
 Densior à terris, & nulla pervia flammæ 486
 Subtexit nox atra polos. Jam claustra rigentis
 Æoliæ percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
 Ore minatur hyems, venti transversa frementes
 Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490
 Dum cælum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus *Auster*
 Inglomerat noctem, & tenebrosa volumina torquet,*

From

From whose dark chie a ratling tempest pours,
Which the cold nege, geals to haily show'rs. 495
From pole to pole field onder roars aloud,
And broken lightn ds, ash from ev'ry cloud.
Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round:
Th' *Inachian* streams with headlong fury run, 500
And *Erasinus* rolls a deluge on:
The foaming *Lerna* swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away: 505
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born;
The storm the dark *Lycæan* groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.

Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu
Perfoliat Boreas. Nec non abrupta tremiscunt 495
Fulgura, & attritus subita face rumpitur æther.
Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto 500
Inachus, & gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ
Aggeribus tenuere moræ, stagnoque refusa est
Funditus, & veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
Frangitur omne nemus: rapiunt antiqua procellæ 505
Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per ævum
Solibus umbrosi patuere æstiva Lycæi.

Th' intrepid *Theban* hears the bustling sky, 510
 Sees yawning rocks in massy files out fly,
 And views astonish'd from the file afar,
 The floods descending and the career war,
 That driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515
 Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 520
 When clouds conceal *Boötes*' golden wain,
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling *Cynthia* glimmers on the deeps;
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
 While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies. 525

Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis 510
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
Aure pavens, passimque insano turbine raptas,
Pastorum pecorumque domos. Non segnius amens, 515
Incertusque via, per nigra silentia, vastum
Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, & undique frater.

Ac velut hyberno deprensus navita ponto, 520
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat
Luna vias, medio cæli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut saxa malignis
Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes scopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:

Thus strove the chief on ev'ry side distress'd,
 Thus still his courage, with his toils encreas'd;
 With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
 Thro' thickest woods, and rouz'd the beasts of prey.
 Till he beheld, where from *Larissa's* height 530
 The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
 Thither with haste the *Theban* hero flies;
 On this side *Lerna's* pois'nous water lies,
 On that, *Prosymna's* grove and temple rise:
 He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535
 And to the regal palace bent his way;
 On the cold marble spent with toil he lies,
 And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
 Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days, 540

Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmicius heros
Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excuteus stabula, & prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis mæsta timoris.
Dq̄nec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis 530
Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens
Larissæus apex: illo spe concitus omni
Evolat. Hinc celsæ Junonia templa Prosymnæ
Levus habens, hinc Herculeo signata vapore 535
Lernæi stagna atra vadi: tandemque reclusis
Infertur portis: acturum regia cernit
Vestibula: hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotæque acclinis postibus aula
Invitat tennes ad dura cubilia somnos.

Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In senium vergens populos Adrastus habebat,

By both his parents of descent divine,
 Great *Jove* and *Phæbus* grac'd his noble line ;
 Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
 But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
 To him *Apollo* (wondrous to relate ! 545
 But who can pierce into the depths of fate ?)
 Had sung—" Expect thy sons on *Argos'* shore,
 " A yellow lion and a bristly boar.
 This, long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
 Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ; 550
 This, great *Amphiaras*, lay hid from thee,
 Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
 The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
 For thus did the predicting God ordain.
 Lo hapless *Tydeus*, whose ill-fated hand 555
 Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,

Dives avis, & utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.
Hic sexus melioris inops, sed prole virebat
Fæminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phæbus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu ! 545
Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat
Setigerumque suem, & fulvum adventare leonem.
Hæc volvens, non tu ipse pater, non docte futuri 550
Amphiaræ vides, etenim vetat autor Apollo.
Tantum in corde sedens ægrescit cura parentis.
Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydonæ relinquens 555
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum

And

And seiz'd with horror, in the shades of night,
 Thro' the thick desarts headlong urg'd his flight:
 Now by the fury of the tempests driv'n,
 He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n, 560
 Till led by fate, the *Theban's* steps he treads,
 And to fair *Argos'* open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
 T' *Adrastus'* realms, and hospitable court;
 The King surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565
 And views their arms and habit with surprize.
 A lion's yellow skin the *Theban* wears,
 Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
 Such once employ'd *Alcides'* youthful toils,
 E'er yet adorn'd with *Nemea's* dreadful spoils. 570
 A boar's stiff hide, of *Calydonian* breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread,

Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora
Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequeſtus & imbres,
Infuſam tergo glaciem, & liquentia nimbis
Ora, comasque gerens, ſubit uno tegmine, cujus 560
Fuſus humo gelida, partem prior hoſpes habebat.—

—*Hic primum luſtrare oculis, cultusque virorum*
Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem
Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in ſpeciem quem per Theumefia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570
Ante Cleonæi veſtitur prælia monſtri.
Terribiles contra ſetis, ac dente recurvo

Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze, 575
The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys,
Reveres *Apollo's* vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein. 580
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585
Till nature quickned by th' inspiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day. }

Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviae Calydonis bonos. Stupet omine tanto 575
Defixus senior, divina oracula Phæbi
Agnosceſcens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, lætusque per artus
Horror iit. Senſit manifeſto numine ductos 580
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. Tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmas.
Nox, quæ terrarum cælique amplexa labores
Igneâ multi-vago tranſmittis ſidera lapſu, 585
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus agris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,

Oh thou who free'st me from my doubtful state,
 Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
 Be present still, oh Goddess! in our aid; 590
 Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.
 We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
 And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
 The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
 And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke. 595
 Hail, faithful *Tripes*! hail, ye dark abodes
 Of awful *Phæbus*: I confess the Gods!

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the Monarch pray'd;
 Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;
 Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
 The relics of a former sacrifice. }
 The King once more the solemn rites requires,
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.

*Tu mihi perplexis quæsitam erroribus ultro
 Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati
 Detegis: assistas operi, tuaque omina firmes. 520
 Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni
 Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi di-va litabunt
 Electa cer-vice greges, lustraliaque exta
 Lacte novo perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis. 595
 Salve prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus,
 Deprendi Fortuna, deos. Sic fatus; & ambos
 Innectens manibus, teſta ulterioris ad aulæ
 Progreditur. Canis etiamnum altaribus ignes, 600
 Sopitum cinerem, & tepidi libamina sacri
 Servabunt; adolere focos, epulasque recentes*

His train obey, while all the courts around 605
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light ; 610
 Here loaves in canisters are pile'd on high,
 And there, in flames the slaughter'd victims fry.
 Sublime in regal state, *Adrastus* shone,
 Stretch'd on rich carpets, on his iv'ry throne ;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest ; 615
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
 And now the King, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,

Instaurare jubet. Dictis parere ministri 605
Certatim accelerant, vario strepit ista tumultu
Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas,
Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas.
Ast alii tenebras & opacam vincere noctem 610
Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
Viscera cæsarum pecudum: his cumulare canistris
Perdomitam saxo Cererem. Lætatur Adrastus
Obsequio fervere domum. Jamque ipse superbis
Fulgebat stratis, solioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes siccati vulnera lymphis 615
Discumbunt: simul ora notis scædata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoscunt; tunc rex longævus Acesten

Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
 When from the close apartments of the night,
 The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
 Such was *Diana's*, such *Minerva's* face; 625
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears.
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630
 Their down-cast looks a decent shame confess'd,
 Then, on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the Monarch gives the sign,
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,

(*Natarum hæc altrix, eadem & fidissima custos* 620
Læta sacrum justæ Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egressæ thalamo (mirabile visu)
Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ 625
Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. Nova deinde pudori
Visa virum facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes
Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensæ
Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem
læsides pateram famulos ex more poposcit.

Which *Danaus* us'd in sacred rites of old, 635
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
 Here to the clouds victorious *Perseus* flies;
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.
 There from the chace *Jove's* tow'ring eagle bears 640
 On golden wings, the *Phrygian* to the stars;
 Still as he rises in th' æthereal height,
 His native mountains lessen to his sight;
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze; 645
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
 The first libations sprinkled on the ground:
 By turns on each celestial pow'r they call; 650
 With *Phæbus'* name resounds the vaulted hall.

Qua Danaus libare deis seniorque Phoroneus 635
Affueti. Tenet hæc operum cælata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam præseco Gorgonæ collo
Ales habet, jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pone movet, vivoque etiam palleſcit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis: 640
Gargara deſidunt ſurgenti, & Troja recedit.
Stant mæſti comites, fruſtraque ſonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, & nubila latrant. 645
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Cælicolas: Phæbum ante alios, Phæbum omnis ad aras

The

The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright *Apollo's* awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities 660
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But sav'd from death, our *Argives* yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the *Python* slain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain, 665
(Transfix'd as o'er *Castalia's* streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)

*Laude ciet comitum, famulumque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus: cui festa dies, largoque reſecti
Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes. 655
Forſitan, o Juvēnes, quæ ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
Præcipuum cauſis Phœbi obteſtemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. Non inſcia ſuaſit
Religio: magnis exercita cladibus olim 660
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Poſtquam cærulei ſinuosa volumina monſtri,
Terrigenam Pythona deus ſeptem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, ſquammiſque annosa terentem 665
Robora; Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore triſulco
Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,*

To *Argos*' realms the Victor god resorts,
 And enters old *Crotopus*' humble courts.
 This rural prince one only daughter blest, 670
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
 Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
 Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
 Were she less beautiful, or less lov'd! 675
 But *Phæbus* lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
 Of *Nemea*'s stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd;
 Now, e'er ten moons their orb with light adorn,
 Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born.
 The Nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
 Retires from *Argos* to the sylvan shade,
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
 And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula cædi
Perquirens, nostri tecta baud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. Huic primis, & pubescentibus annis 670
Mira decore pio, servabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. Felix, si Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phæbo sociasset amorem.
Namque ut passa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes
Cynthia, fidereum Latonæ facta nepotem
Edidit: ac pænæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis 680
Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

How

How mean a fate, unhappy child ! is thine ?
 Ah how unworthy those of race divine ? 685
 On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
 While the rude swain his rural music tries,
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690 }
 Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
 Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give,
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
 Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair ; 700

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti 685
Gramineos dedit herba toros, & vimine querno
Texta domus : clausa arbuti sub cortice libri
Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos, 690
Et pecori commune solum. Sed fata nec illum
Concessere larem : viridi nam cespite terræ
Proiectum temere, & patulo cælum ore trahentem,
Dira canum rabies morsu depasta cruento 695
Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus : ipsa ultro sævis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus 704
 Then

Then wild with anguish to her Sire she flies :
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead, too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.

The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs : }
About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on publick miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold *Choræbus* warms,
Choræbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms; 715
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.

*Occurrit confessa patri. Nec motus, at atro
Imperat, nefandum ! cupientem occumbere leto.*

*Sero memor thalami, mæstæ solatia morti
Phæbe paras. Monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo 705
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis : cui virginis ora,
Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis.
Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu 710
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis morsuque cruento
Dovesce & multum patrio pinguescere luctu.*

*Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Choræbus ; 715
Seque ultro lætis juvenum, qui robore primi
Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,*

These,

These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar descry'd;
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side; 720
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
 The youth surround her with extended spears;
 But brave *Choræbus* in the front appears,
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
 Th' *Inachians* view the slain with vast surprize,
 Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
 With livid poison, and our childrens blood. 730
 The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.

Obtulit. Illa novos ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio. Lateri duo corpora parvum 720
Dependent, & jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
Ferratique unguis tenero sub corde tepecunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virum stipante corona
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore dirò 725
Condidit: atque imas animæ mucrone corusco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. Juvât ire, & visere juxta
Li-ventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, & crasso squallentia pectora tabo,
Qua nostræ cecidere animæ. Stupet Inacha pubes, 730
Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.

Some with vast beams the squalid corps engage,
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
 And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft *Parnassus'* brow
 Avenging *Pbæbus* bent his deadly bow, 740 }
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below;
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745 }
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But *Pbæbus*, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging *Sirius* blasts the sickly year;

*Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
 Proterere exanimis artus, asprosque molares
 Deculcare genis, nequit iram explere potestas.
 Illam & nocturno circum stridore volantes 735
 Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
 Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiasse luporum.
 Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptæ
 Delius insurgit, summaque bi-verticis umbra 740
 Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
 Pestifera arma jacet, camposque, & celsa Cyclopum
 Tecta, superjecto nebulæ incendit amictu.
 Labuntur dulces animæ: mors fila sororum
 Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
 Quærenti quæ causa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
 Ignis, & in totum regnaret *Sirius* annum?*

Demande

Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

750

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy *Manes*, and preserve thy name;
Undaunted Hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke.

755

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, *Phæbus*, find a suppliant here. 760
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;

*Idem autor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monstro juvenes, qui cæde potiti.*

750

*Fortunate animi, longumque in sæcula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Oculis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi
Constitit; & sacras ita vocibus asperat iras.*

755

*Non missus Thymbræe tuos supplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, & conscia virtus
Has egere vias. Ego sum qui cæde subegi,
Phæbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris, 760
Et squallente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri*

For

For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care, 765
 Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
 But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
 From Gods above no more compassion find;
 If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
 Yet why must un-offending *Argos* feel 770 }
 The vengeance due to this unluckly steel?
 On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
 Unless our desert cities please thy fight,
 Our fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light. 775
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
 But for my Country let my fate atone,
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Quæris inique poli. Quod si monstra effera magnis 765
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,
Mors hominum, & sævo tanta inclementia cælo est:
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, diuûm optime, solum 770
Objecisse caput satis præstabit. An illud
Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
Lucet ager? sed quid fando tua tela manusque
Demoror? expectant matres, supremaque fundunt 775
Vota mihi. Satis est: merui nec parcere velles.
Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
Insignemque animam leto dimitte: sed illum
Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua, merentes

Merit

STATIUS his THEBAIS. 127

Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves; 780
 Unwelcome life relenting *Phæbus* gives;
 For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
 With such amazing virtue durst engage.
 The clouds dispers'd, *Apollo's* wrath expir'd,
 And from the wondring God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
 Thence we these altars in his temple raise, 786
 And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
 These solemn feasts propitious *Phæbus* please,
 These honours, still renew'd, his antient wrath appease.
 But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the King) 790
 What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
 The noble *Tydeus* stands confess'd, and known
 Our neighbour Prince, and heir of *Calydon*.
 Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
 And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

Respicit. Ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis 780
Latoïdem, tristemque viro summissus honorem
Largitur vitæ: nostro mala nubila cælo
Diffugiunt; at tu stupefacti a limine Phæbi
Exoratus abis. Inde hæc stata sacra quotannis
Solennes recolunt epulæ, Phæbæaque placat
Templa novatus honos: has sorte invisitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus, 790
Et Parthaoniæ (dudum si certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domus; tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando hæc variis sermonibus hora est. 795

The

The *Theban* bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
 Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies :
 Before these altars how shall I proclaim
 (Oh gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,
 Or thro' what veins our antient blood has roll'd? 800
 Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
 Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own ;
 Know then, from *Cadmus* I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and *Thebes* my native place. 805
 To whom the King, (who felt his gen'rous breast
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
 Replies—Ah why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father, known too well by fame?
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810
 Scorns not to take our *Argos* in her way.

Dejecit mæstos extemplo Ismenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læsum
Obliquare oculos : tum longa silentia movit.
Non super hos di-vûm tibi sum querendus honores 800
Unde genus, quæ terræ mihi : quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.
Sed si præcipitant miserum cognoscere curæ,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Marvortia Thebe,
Et genetrix Jocasta mihi. Tum motus Adrastus 805
Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
Scimus, ait, nec sic aversum fama Mycenis 810
Voluit iter. Regnum, & furias, oculosque pudentes

Ev'n

Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning *Libyan* lands,
 The faithless *Syrtes* and the moving sands; 815
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of *Ganges* in their eastern grounds;
 All these the woes of *Oedipus* have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
 If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820
 What Prince from those his lineage can defend?
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
 With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace, }
 And be thy self the honour of thy race.
 But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825
 And shine more faintly at approaching day;
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays,
 Once more resound the great *Apollo's* praise.

Novit, & Arctoïs si quis de solibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum occasibus intrat
Oceanum, & si quos incerto littore Syrtes 815
Destituunt, ne perge queri, casusque priorum
Annumerare tibi: nostro quoque sanguine multum
Erravit pietas: nec culpa nepotibus obstat, 820
Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis
Excusare tuos. Sed jam temone supino
Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor ursæ: 825
Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum
Latoiden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.

Oh father *Phæbus*! whether *Lycia*'s coast
 And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast; 830
 Whether to sweet *Castalia* thou repair,
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
 Or pleas'd to find fair *Delos* float no more,
 Delight in *Cynthus*, and the shady shore;
 Or chuse thy seat in *Ilion*'s proud abodes, 835
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods.
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
 And the dark counsels of almighty *Jove*, 840
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know.
 The change of scepters, and impending woe;
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.

Phæbe parens, seu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivosis
Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico 830
Castaliæ flavos amor est tibi mergere crines:
Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares:
Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, & assiduam pelago non quærere Delon: 835
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes
Arcus, & ætherii dono cessere parentes
Æternum florere genas. Tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum prænosse manus, fatumque quod ultra est, 840
Et summo placitura Jovi. Quis letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ sceptrâ Cometæ.

Thy

STATIUS his THEBAIS. 131

Thy rage the *Phrygian* felt, who durst aspire 845
 T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre ;
 Thy shafts aveng'd leud *Tityus*' guilty flame,
 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame ;
 Thy hand slew *Python*, and the dame who lost
 Her num'rous off-spring for a fatal boast. 850
 In *Phlegias*' doom thy just revenge appears,
 Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears ;
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
 The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine! 855
 And on thy hospitable *Argos* shine.
 Whether the style of *Titan* please thee more,
 Whose purple rays th' *Achæmenes* adore ;
 Or great *Osiris*, who first taught the swain
 In *Pharian* fields to sow the golden grain ; 860

Tu Phryga submittis cytharæ. Tu matris honori 845
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovanem,
Horruit in pharetris. Ultrix tibi torva Megæra 850
Fejunum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem
Æterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
Adsis ô memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva 855
Dexter ames. Seu te roseum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniae ritu, seu præstat Osyrin

132 The FIRST BOOK of STATIUS.

Or *Mitra*, to whose beams the *Persian* bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

JANUARY

JANUARY and *MAY*:

OR,

The Merchant's Tale.

FROM

CHAUCER.

K 3

THE MERCHANT'S TALE

BY J. H. M. M. M.

OF

The Merchant's Tale

FROM

CHAUCE

*J A N U A R Y

A N D

M A Y.

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some grace.
Yet led astray by *Venus*' soft delights, 5
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more; 10
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.

* This Translation was done at sixteen or seventeen
Years of Age.

K 4

This

This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15
 And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
 Once, e'er he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will.) 20

Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.

Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
 To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.

Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more: 30

Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
 Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join:
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past;

But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.

The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;

And pass his inoffensive hours away,
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day: 40

Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
 Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.

With

With matchless impudence they stile a wife 45
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;

A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day-devil.
Let not the wife these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50

All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A Wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n:
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire *Adam*, e'er of *Eve* possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd, 60
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserve of God.

A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he 65
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by *Rebecca's* aid that *Jacob* won
His father's blessing from an elder son: 70

Abusive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic *Judith*, as old *Hebrews* show,
Preserv'd the *Jews*, and slew th' *Affyrian* foe:

At

At *Hester's* suit, the persecuting sword 75
Was sheath'd, and *Israel* liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, *January* the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife. 80
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look 85
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke :)
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell; 90
But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But since by counsel all things should be done, 95
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old: 100
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face;

In

JANUARY and MAY.

139

In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105

With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.

No crafty widows shall approach my bed ;

Those are too wise for batchelors to wed ;

As subtle clerks by many schools are made,

Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade : 110

But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,

We form like wax, and mold them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss ;

'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss ;

Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115

As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?

Then should I live in leud adultery,

And sink downright to *Satan* when I die.

Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,

The righteous end were lost, for which I wed ; 120

To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,

And not for pleasure only, or for love.

Think not I doat ; 'tis time to take a wife,

When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life :

Those that are blest with store of grace divine, 125

May live like saints, by heav'ns consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,

(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)

My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,

And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part. 130

Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed

These rev'rend honours on my hoary head ;

Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,

The vital sap then rising from below :

Old

Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135
 Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
 Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
 Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide,
 The knotty point was urg'd on either side; 140
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wife,
 There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
Placebo this was call'd, and *Justin* that.

First to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
 Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves, experience dwells with years! 150
 Yet you pursue sage *Solomon's* advice,
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
 But, with the Wiseman's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
 As still I hold your own advice the best. 155

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.
 Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
 My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise
 As his mistaken patron to advise,

Let

Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;
A noble fool was never in a fault. 165

This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man;
At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
Who dare to wed in your declining days.

Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With rev'rend dulness, and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent fate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180

To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your Lady's qualities at least: 185

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a faint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule?

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
In all this world, much less in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.

Ah,

Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend; 195
 And, spight of all its praises, must declare,
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
 Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear:
 While all my friends applaud my blisful life, 200
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
 Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
 But, by the immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
 And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205
 Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure; for wisdom is in Age:
 But, at these years, to venture on the fair!
 By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215
 'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the Knight replies,
 Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wife!
 We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
 To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way;— 220
 What does my friend, my dear *Placebo* say?
 I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this, the council rose, without delay ;
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way ; 225
 With full consent, that all disputes appeas'd,
 The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but *January* exults with joy ?
 The charms of wedlock all his soul employ :
 Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind posselt, 230
 And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast ;
 While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
 And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
 Thus, in some publick *Forum* fix'd on high,
 A Mirrour shows the figures moving by ; 235
 Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
 The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
 This Lady's charms the nicest cou'd not blame,
 But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame ;
 That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest ; 240
 And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
 Thus doubting long what nymph he shou'd obey,
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful *May*.
 Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind : 245
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice, 250
 And thought no mortal could dispute this choice :
 Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an end.

Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed; 255
 Let none oppose th' election, since on this
 Depends my quiet, and my future blifs.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent and wise;
 Chaste, tho' not rich, and tho' not nobly born, 260
 Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
 Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n so please;
 To pass my days in sanctity and ease:
 And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
 The lovely prize, and share my blifs with none! 265
 If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
 My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains; Full oft' I've heard,
 By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;
 That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
 The blifs of heav'n above, and earth below.
 Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
 To match the blessings of the future state,
 Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
 Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This *Justin* heard, nor could his spleen controul,
 Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
 Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
 Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
 And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
 That e'er the rites are o'er, you may repent!
 Good heav'n no doubt the nuptial state approves,
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.

Then

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the fair, 285 }
 One, that may do your business to a hair;
 Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
 But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
 Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
 Swift, as an arrow soaring from the bow! 290
 Provided still, you moderate your joy,
 Nor in your pleasures all your might employ;
 Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
 Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
 Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
 Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
 The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
 The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
 The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind,
 When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
 The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout intent: 310
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
 Like *Sarah* or *Rebecca*, lead her life:

Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, 315 }
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride. }
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string!
Not thus *Apollo* tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor *Joab* the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly strain 324
Cou'd swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So Poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely *Venus*, Goddess of delight, }
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight, }
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight: 330 }
Pleas'd her best servant wou'd his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old *Hymen* had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng . 335
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day:
The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame fate smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.

Not

Not *Hester's* self, whose charms the *Hebrews* sing,
 E'er look'd so lovely on her *Persian* King :
 Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 545
 And fresh and blooming as the month of *May* !
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
 Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* bride :
 Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
 Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night : 350
 Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r,
 To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
 Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
 And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round,
 With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355
 And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain ;
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360
 His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and cou'd take no rest :
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day :
 There let him lie ; till his relenting dame 365
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
 Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light ;
 While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
 Then rose the guests ; and as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess :
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
 Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot *Eringo's* stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
 Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
 And Critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
 The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
 What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
 Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light, 385 }
 As all were nothing he had done by night ;
 And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright :
 He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
 And feebly sung a lusty roundelay :
 Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast ; 390
 For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
 Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast ;
 The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell. 395
 Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
 Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely *May* ;
 Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
 He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
 ('Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the sun)

Forth

Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
 The good old knight mov'd slowly by her side.
 High Mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
 The servants round stood ready at their call. 405
 The squire alone was absent from the board,
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,
 Who pray'd his spouse attended by her train,
 To visit *Damian*, and divert his pain.
 Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent; 410
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sat the gentle *May*:
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A speaking sigh, and cast a mournful view; 415
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine
 With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented *May*?
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420
 Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
 What then he did, I not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
 Honest and dull, in nuptial bed they lay,
 Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
 Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
 Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
 Shed its selectest influence from above;
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame;

Receiv'd the impressions of the love-sick squall
And wasted in the soft, infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let *May's* example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love! 435
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some Sages have defin'd 440
Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of human-kind:
Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd this high philosophy from those;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp and proud magnificence: 445
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace 450
(Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of *France*
In long descriptions, and exceed Romance;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue: 460

Their

Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
 While tuneful sprites a merry consort made,
 And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft' repair, 465
 (His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
 For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
 To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat; 470
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly *May*.

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.
 But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure, 475
 How short a space our worldly joys endure?
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit! 480
 This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
 For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day, }
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.

Full oft' in tears did hapless *May* complain, 490
 And sigh'd full oft' ; but sigh'd and wept in vain ;
 She look'd on *Damian* with a lover's eye,
 For oh, 'twas fix'd ; she must possess or die !
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain ;
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
 Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail ?
 'Tis better sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes : 505
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
 Procur'd the key her light was wont to bear ;
 She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
 And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
 Which in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet *Ovid* in the days of yore,
 What slight is that, which Love will not explore ? 515
 And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly show
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do :
 Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
 They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But

But now no longer from our tale to stray ; 520 }
 It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
 Our rev'rend knight was urg'd to am'rous play : }
 He rais'd his spouse, e'er Matin-bell was rung,
 And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes ; 525
 Arise, my wife, my beauteous Lady, rise !
 Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
 And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain ;
 The winter's past ; the clouds and tempests fly ;
 The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky. 530
 Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart ;
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to *Damian* strait a sign she made, 535
 To haste before ; the gentle squire obey'd :
 Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
 And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long e'er *January* came,
 And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ; 540
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
 He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
 Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :
 So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545
 Art far the dearest solace of my life ;
 And rather wou'd I chuse, by heav'n above,
 To die this instant, than to lose thy love.

Reflect

Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
 When un-endow'd, I took thee for my own, 550 }
 And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight, }
 While thou art faithful to thy own true knight, }
 Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight.
 Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my Lady, and my wife,
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
 As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
 Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain; 560
 And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love:
 Make your own terms, and e'er to-morrow's sun
 Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565
 And will perform, by this—my dear, and this.—
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
 'Tis love, not jealousy that fires my mind.
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them, my own unequal age; 570
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
 Cou'd live one moment, absent from thy arms?

He ceas'd, and *May* with modest grace reply'd; 575
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd :)
 Heav'n knows, (with that, a tender sigh she drew)
 I have a soul to save as well as you;

And,

And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580

To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear :

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 585
And let me hence to hell alive descend ;

Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sow'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well :
E'er I my fame by one leud act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race. 590

For know, sir knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.

But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their Ladies to suspect :
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me? 595

These doubts and fears of female constancy?
This chime still rings in ev'ry Lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
Where *Damian* kneeling, worshipp'd as she past. 600
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a Pear-tree planted nigh :

'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obsequious squire address'd his pace, 605
And climbing, in the summit took his place ;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
 His heav'nly progress thro' the *Twins* had run; 610
 And *Jove*, exalted, his mild influence yields,
 To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
 Clear was the day, and *Phæbus* rising bright,
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams, 615
 And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
 The Fairies sported on the garden's side,
 And, in the midst, their Monarch and his bride. }
 So featly tripp'd the lightfoot Ladies round, 620 }
 The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound, }
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground. }
 The dances ended, all the fairy train
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;
 While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
 Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The treachery you women use to man:
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble *Solomon*,
 A wiser monarch never saw the fun:
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
 For sagely hast thou said; Of all mankind, 635
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
 But should'st thou search the spacious world around,
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The son of *Sirach* testifies no less.

So may some wildfire on your bodies fall, 640

Or some devouring plague consume you all;

As well you view the Leacher in the tree,

And well this honourable Knight you see:

But since he's blind and old, (a helpless case)

His squire shall cuckold him before your face. 645

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,

And by this awful sceptre which I bear,

No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,

That in my presence offers such a wrong.

I will this instant undeceive the knight, 650

And, in the very act, restore his sight:

And set the strumpet here in open view,

A warning to these Ladies, and to you,

And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true. }

And will you so, reply'd the Queen indeed? 655 }

Now, by my mother's soul, it is decreed,

She shall not want an answer at her need. }

For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,

And all the sex in each succeeding age;

Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence, 660

And fortify their crimes with confidence.

Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,

Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;

All they shall need is to protest, and swear,

Breath a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear; 665

Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,

Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What

What tho' this sland'rous *Jew*, this *Solomon*,
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one?
 The wiser wits of later times declare, 670
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:
 Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
 And witness next what *Roman* authors tell,
 How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell. 675

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
 And men interpret texts, why shou'd not we?
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
 That sov'reign goodness dwells in Him alone }
 Who only Is, and is but only One. 680
 But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
 By ev'ry word that *Solomon* has said?
 What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)
 Built a fair temple to the Lord of hosts;
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore, 685
 And did as much for Idol-gods, or more.
 Beware what lavish praises you confer
 On a rank leacher and idolater;
 Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,
 Did but for *David's* righteous sake permit; 690
David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities, 695
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lyes.

By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath, 700
That this much-injur'd knight again shou'd see;
It must be done—I am a King, said he,
And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine, (she said)—I am a Queen;
Her answer she shall have, I undertake; 705
And thus an end of all dispute I make:
Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroick strain,
And to the knight our story turns again; 710
Who in the garden, with his lovely *May*,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
This was his song; " Oh kind and constant be,
" Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew 715
By easy steps to where the Peartree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods, she cry'd,
What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side? 720
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of heav'ns immortal Queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!

Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his Lady's cry, 725
But cou'd not climb, and had no servant nigh:

Old

Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
 What cou'd, alas! the helpless husband do?
 And must I languish then, she said, and die,
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye? 730
 At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again, 735
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain;
 With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
 She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all!
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall: 740
 'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
 Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
 What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
 I pass, as gambols never known to you;
 But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore, 745
 Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
 Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent; 750
 But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
 Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair; 755
 Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What

What ails my lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
 I thought your patience had been better try'd:
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
 This my reward, for having cur'd the blind? 760
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,
 By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?
 Did I, for this, the pow'r of magic prove?
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!

If this be struggling, by this holy light, 765
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance, (quoth the knight)
 So heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
 Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well. 770

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
 Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
 So help me fates, as 'tis no perfect fight, 775
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said, (quoth he) I must maintain,
 For by th' immortal pow'rs, it *seem'd* too plain—
 By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find? 780 }
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
 She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
 The ready tears apace began to flow,
 And as they fell, she wip'd from either eye
 The drops, (for women, when they list, can cry.) 785

The knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd.
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said, 790
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
 Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
 By heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
 On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. 795
 But till your fight's establish'd, for a while,
 Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
 Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day. 800
 So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your
 fight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
 Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem! 805
 Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
 'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke Oracle more true than this,
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that, she leap'd into her Lord's embrace, 810
 With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
 He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
 Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:

Both, pleas'd and blest'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. 815

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take ;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

JANUARY 1864

1. The first of the month, 1864, was a fine day. A gentle wind, and a clear sky. The sun shone brightly, and the air was warm. The water was calm, and the boats were out. The people were happy, and the day was a good one.

2. The second of the month, 1864, was a fine day. A gentle wind, and a clear sky. The sun shone brightly, and the air was warm. The water was calm, and the boats were out. The people were happy, and the day was a good one.

3. The third of the month, 1864, was a fine day. A gentle wind, and a clear sky. The sun shone brightly, and the air was warm. The water was calm, and the boats were out. The people were happy, and the day was a good one.

4. The fourth of the month, 1864, was a fine day. A gentle wind, and a clear sky. The sun shone brightly, and the air was warm. The water was calm, and the boats were out. The people were happy, and the day was a good one.

5. The fifth of the month, 1864, was a fine day. A gentle wind, and a clear sky. The sun shone brightly, and the air was warm. The water was calm, and the boats were out. The people were happy, and the day was a good one.

THE
WIFE of *BATH*
HER
PROLOGUE,
FROM
CHAUCER.

THE
WIFE of BATH
HER
PROLOGUE
FROM
CHAUCEER.

THE
WIFE of BATH.
FROM
CHAUCER.

BEhold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have born a part, 5
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days; 10
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the *Samaritan*:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd; 15
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

Entcrease and multiply was heav'n's command,
 And that's a text I clearly understand.
 This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,
 " And to their dearer wives for ever cleave. 20
 More wives than one by *Solomon* were try'd,
 Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
 I've had myself full many a merry fit ;
 And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind, 25 }
 Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed, than burn.
 There's danger in assembling fire and tow ; 30
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
 The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
 No precept for Virginity he found :
 'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will. 35

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity ;
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice ;
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows 40
 One proper gift, another grants to those :
 Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor ;
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny ;
 But, by your leave, Divines, so am not I. 45

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n, 50
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
 His proper body is not his, but mine;
 For so said *Paul*, and *Paul's* a sound divine. 55

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
 The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
 And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
 But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine, 60
 The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
 Yet had more pleasure far than they had Ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold,
 They made their court, like *Jupiter* of old. 65
 If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
 And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives! give ear, and understand;
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
 For never was it giv'n to mortal man, 70
 To lye so boldly as we women can.

Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
 And call your maids to witness how he lyes.

Hark, old Sir *Paul*! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
 Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?

Treated,

Treated, carefs'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—

I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?

Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?

If I but see a cousin, or a friend, 80

Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!

But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,

Then preach till midnight in your easy chair,

Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,

And give up all that's female to the devil. 85

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;

If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;

If highly born, intolerably vain,

Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,

Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetick, 90

Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.

If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,

By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side.

If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,

Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures, 95

Or else she dances with becoming grace,

Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,

She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses, men may try, 100

And ring suspected vessels e'er they buy:

But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,

They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:

Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,

And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd, 110
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my Nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lyes.

On *Jenkin* too you cast a squinting eye:
What? can your Prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine? 125
Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by *St. John*,
Have goods and body to your self alone.

One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.

If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will, 130

"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:

"Take all the freedoms of a married life;

"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare? 135

Tho'

Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.

'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array, 140
And none can long be modest that are gay :

The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun; 145
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To show her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable fires.

I told 'em, thus you say, and thus you do—— 150
And told 'em false, but *Jenkin* swore 'twas true.

I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.

I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night, 156
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.

That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.

Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace 160
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.

By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,

I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165

If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
 I levied first a tax upon his need;
 Then let him——'twas a Nicety indeed!
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
 Marry who will, our Sex is to be sold.
 With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
 But fulsom love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old,
 And heave, and pant, and kifs, and cling, for gold. 175
 Yet with embraces, curses oft' I mixt,
 Then kifs'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear Dispute I was unable, 180
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had set at table.
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
 " *Billy*, my dear, how sheepishly you look?
 " Approach, my spouse, and let me kifs thy cheek;
 " Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek! 185
 " Of *Job*'s great patience since so oft' you preach,
 " Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
 " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
 " Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }

" The

" The wives of all my family have rul'd 195
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 " Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan ;
 " What ! would you have me to your self alone ?
 " Why take me, Love ! take all and ev'ry part !
 " Here's your revenge ! you love it at your heart. 200
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 " You little think what custom I could have ?
 " But see ! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame !
 " What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame.

Thus with my first three Lords I past my life ; 205
 A very woman, and a very wife.

What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye. 210
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as evening *Philomel*.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft' I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl ;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve, 215
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love :
 For 'tis as sure, as cold ingenders hail,
 A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail ;
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know. 220

But oh good Gods ! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.

This

This wicked world was once my dear delight; 225
 Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two: 230
 But all that score I paid——as how? you'll say,
 Not with my body, in a filthy way:
 But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
 And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry 235
 With burning rage, and frantick jealousy.
 His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
 For here on earth I was his purgatory.

Oft', when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and sat and sung. 240
 How fore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
 He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from *Jerusalem*;

And now lies buried underneath a Rood, 245
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.

A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
 Than that *Mausolus'* pious widow plac'd,
 Or where inshrin'd the great *Darius* lay;
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250

The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
 So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
 (Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)

Full hearty was his love, and I can shew 255
 The tokens on my ribs, in black and blue ;
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns !
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains : 260
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap ;
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.
 In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
 Of *Oxford* he, a most egregious clerk.
 He boarded with a widow in the town, 265
 A trusty gossip, one dame *Alison*.
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish Priest could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall ;
 Had but my husband pifs'd against a wall, 270
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all : what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft' has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame, 275
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
 It so befel, in holy time of *Lent*,
 That oft' a day I to this gossip went ;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
 From house to house we rambled up and down, 280
 This clerk, my self, and my good neighbour *Alce*,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,

The

The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept ; 285
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.

At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay ;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array,
The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh *May* her early blossoms yields, 290
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields:

We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn. 295

We strait struck hands, the bargain was agreed ;
I still have shifts against a time of need:

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him, 300
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him ;

If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown ;
All this I said ; but dream, firs, I had none :

I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore, 305
Who bid me tell this lye—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past ;

It pleas'd the Lord to take my sponse at last.

I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,

And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must. 310

Before my face my handkerchief I spread,

To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.

The good man's coffin to the Church was born ;

Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.

But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair 315
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!

Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame. 320

A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me, *Mars* in *Taurus* was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was fin!

Fair *Venus* gave me fire, and sprightly grace, 325
And *Mars* assurance, and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330

All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, mony, house, and land:
But oft' repented, and repent it still;

He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:
Nay once by heav'n he struck me on the face; 335
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any Lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,

And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340
He, against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;

Tell how the *Roman* matrons led their life,
Of *Gracchus*' mother, and *Duilius*' wife;

And

The WIFE of BATH

179

And chose the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ. 345

Oft' would he say, Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. 350

All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred) 355
A certain treatise oft' at evening read,
Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lyes) were in one volume bound.

Valerius, whole; and of *St. Jerome*, part;
Chrysippus and *Tertullian*, *Ovid's Art*, 360
Solomon's proverbs, *Eloisa's* loves;

And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.

Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man. 365
But cou'd we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
Than all the sons of *Adam* could redress.

Love seldom haunts the breast where Learning lies,
And *Venus* sets e'er *Mercury* can rise. 370

Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,

That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow. 375
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe. 380
How *Sampson* fell; and he whom *Dejanire*
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How curs'd *Eryphile* her Lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush *Clytemnestra* laid.
But what most pleas'd him was the *Cretan* dame, 385
And husband-bull—oh monstrous! fie for shame!

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft' she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw; 390
Who took it patiently, and wipe'd his head;
Rain follows thunder, that was all he said.

He read, how *Arius* to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be. 400

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought,

The

The W I F E of B A T H.

181

The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head, 405
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore, 415
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that, my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd) 420
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle past, 425
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life:
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws; 430
Receiv'd the Reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }

As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames. 435

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

IMITATIONS
OF
ENGLISH POETS:
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Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

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N 4

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS,

I.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet swinken nat fans secrecie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From Schole-boy's Tale of fayre *Ireland*:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake, 5
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there passen by the Way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spied of Ladies gent. 10
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one,)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen *John*;
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This sely Clerk full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this, 15
" Lo here is *Cox*, and here is *Miss*.
But,

But, as he glozeth with Speeches soote,
 The Ducke fore tickleth his Erse roote:
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
 Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest. 20
Te-be cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought spake:
 Miss star'd; and gray Ducke crieth *Quaake*.
 " O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter,)
 " Be thilke same thing Maids longer a'ter?
 " Bette is to pyne on Coals and chalke, 25
 " Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can *talke*.

II.

SPENSER.

The ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where *Thamis* rolls his Tyde,
 A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low;
 Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
 And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft' are heard the notes of Infant Woe, 5
 The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall:
 How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call. 10

II.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At ev'ry door are sun-burnt Matrons seen, 15
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
 Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood I
 ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies; 20
 The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
 Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries;
 The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies; 25
 The grunting hogs alarm the Neighbours round,
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are
 drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
 Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early days
 Baskets of fish at *Billingsgate* did watch, 30
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander

Slander beside her, like a Magpie, chatters,
 With *Envy*, (spitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
 Like a curs'd Cur, *Malice* before her clatters, 35
 And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her digs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all; 40
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:
 Yea when she pass'd by or lane or nook,
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath *Deptford*, navy-building town,
Woolwich and *Wapping*, smelling strong of pitch;
 Such *Lambeth*, envy of each band and gown,
 And *Twick'nam* such, which fairer scenes enrich
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo——n's Dog and bitch, 50
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver *Thames*, or all adown;
 Ne *Richmond*'s self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandring streams, and *Windsor*'s tow'ry
 pride.

III.

WALLER.

Of a LADY singing to her LUTE.

FAIR Charmer cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :
Well might, alas! that threatned vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays, 5
Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music shou'd be heard alive.
Orpheus cou'd charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he; 10
A Poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

IV.

IV.

COWLEY.

The GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures sing,
 And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
 Where opening *Roses* breathing sweets diffuse,
 And soft *Carnations* show'r their balmy dew; ;
 Where *Lillies* smile in virgin robes of white, 5
 The thin Undress of superficial Light,
 And vary'd *Tulips* show so dazling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted flouret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10
 And pale *Narcissus* on the bank, in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.
 Here aged trees Cathedral walks compose,
 And mount the Hill in venerable rows :
 There the green Infants in their beds are laid, 15
 The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
 Here *Orange*-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join ;
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20

There

There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
 By *Laurels* shielded from the piercing Day :
 Where *Daphne*, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from *Apollo* vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the Stream.
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
 Where *Summer's* beauty midst of *Winter* stays,
 And *Winter's* Coolness spite of *Summer's* rays. 30

WEeping.

WHile *Celia's* Tears make sorrow bright,
 Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes ;
 The Sun, next those the fairest light,
 Thus from the Ocean first did rise :
 And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun, 35
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
 Foretell the fervour of the day :
 So from one Cloud soft show'rs we view,
 And blasting lightnings burst away. 40
 The *Stars* that fall from *Celia's* eye,
 Declare, our *Doom* is drawing nigh.

The

The *Baby* in that sunny Sphere
 So like a *Phaëton* appears,
 That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare, 45
 Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
 Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
 To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

On SILENCE.

I.

Silence! coeval with Eternity;
 Thou wert, e'er Nature's self began to be,
 'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, e'er heav'n was form'd, or earth,
 E'er fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth, 5
 Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
 'In one more various animal combin'd,
 And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low, 10
'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of words, he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentler reign. 15

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise; 20
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name, 25
The only honour of the wishing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are free,
 How Church and State would be oblig'd to thee?
 At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be? 30

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
 What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes, 35
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
 The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,
 Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry, 40
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTIMESIA.

THO' *Artimesia* talks, by fits,
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
 Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*:
 Yet in some things methinks she fails,
 'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock. 5

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* bride,
 Such nastiness, and so much pride
 Are odly join'd by fate:
 On her large squab you find her spread, 10
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
 On any part except her face;
 All white and black beside: 15
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
 Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
 A prating thing, a Magpy hight,
 Majestically stalk;
 A stately, worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flatter, pride, and talk.

20

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade;
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And Agents from each foreign state,
 Here first their entry made.

5

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th' *Italian* or the *Dutch*,
Spaniard or *French* came to her;
 To all obliging she'd appear:
 'Twas *si Signior*, 'twas *yaw Mynheer*,
 'Twas *s'il vous plaist, Monsieur*.

10

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a Bride:
 In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

15

20

So have I known those Insects fair
 (Which curious *Germans* hold so rare,)
 Still vary shapes and dyes;
 Still gain new Titles with new forms;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

20

VII.

Dr. S W I F T.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY PARSON.

PArson, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
 A *Wife* that makes conserves; a *Steed*
 That carries double when there's need:
October, store, and best *Virginia*,
Tytbe-Pig, and mortuary *Guinea*:
Gazettes sent *gratis* down, and frank'd,
 For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
 A large *Concordance*, bound long since:
 Sermons to *Charles* the First, when Prince;
 A *Chronicle* of ancient standing;
 A *Chrysostom* to smooth thy band in.
 The *Polyglott*—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next,

5

10

Lo

Lo here the *Septuagint*,—and *Paul*, 15
To *sum the whole*,—the *close of all*.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on *Fridays*,—if he will; 20
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

F I N I S.



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" brated

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